

# The Nation

VOL. XXVI., No. 20.]

Postage: U.K. 1d.; Abroad 1d.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1920.

[PRICE 6D.

Registered as a Newspaper.

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK ...	657	Moncrieff, Andrew Boyle,	
POLITICS AND AFFAIRS:—		L. Y. Chen, Reginald Wilson,	
From Russia to Ireland ...	660	and others ...	671
The Blunder and the Way		POETRY:—	
Out ...	661	"I am in the Scheme of	
The Mind of the Left		Things." By Joseph	
Centre ...	662	Campbell ...	674
New and Old in Industry ...	663	March of the Winds. By	
THE GOOD AMERICAN. II.—		Edward Living ...	674
Puritan, Pioneer, and Profiteer. By J. A. Hobson ...	665	THE WORLD OF BOOKS. By	
A LONDON DIARY. By A		F. H. M. ...	676
Wayfarer ...	666	REVIEWS:—	
LIFE AND LETTERS:—		A Chaplain of the Forces.	
The Epic of Tragic History	668	By A. B. ...	678
Epstein's Christ. By John		The Political Frenchman ...	680
Middleton Murry ...	669	Of Gardens ...	682
Evolution and Revolution	670	G. K. C. on Divorce. By	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR. By		E. S. P. Haynes ...	684
Frank MacDermot, Colonel		Person and Thing ...	684
J. H. E. Reid, C. K. Scott		The Reflective Novel ...	686
		THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By	
		Our City Editor ...	688

[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. He accepts no responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

THE lapse of days brings no sign of any appeasement in the crisis caused by the delivery of the Allies' list of "war criminals." The excitement in Germany is intense, and from the State Governments and Chambers down to gatherings of merchants and students, everyone is making demonstrations of protest. In a gruff message to the fleet, Herr Noske has given a categorical pledge against the extradition of any of the nine hundred, including Admiral Trotha, his "faithful colleague." Thus the more diplomatic "we cannot," becomes in Noske's mouth "I will not." Oddly enough, we cannot discover that the Allies have yet demanded extradition. M. Millerand's Note to Herr von Lersner, of which the text is now available, merely communicated the list, and left all further details to the future. It seems premature to talk of any breach of the Treaty, as M. Millerand himself does. The Allies have demanded nothing and Germany has refused nothing. Both the British and the Italian diplomatists are said to be busy in proposing compromises in Berlin, such as trials in Cologne rather than in Allied countries, and perhaps mixed courts and a right of appeal to some International Court. These efforts meet as yet with no success. The "Daily Chronicle," with evident inspiration, blames the French, asserts that Mr. Lloyd George had not seen the list before it was presented, and ranges itself among the critics of the whole policy of vengeance. That is an odd way of repenting for the general election pledges. The French press retorts that on the contrary Mr. George was the only begetter of this folly.

THE policy may have been Mr. George's, but the French, with more subtlety, are preparing to make an astute use of it. Like the Austrian Foreign Office in 1914, when it devised an ultimatum which no

independent State could possibly accept, they have composed a list which no German Government could possibly accept. It was not intended that any German Government should accept it. It is practically a "Who's Who" of everyone who was anything in Germany before the collapse, and is simply a demand for hundreds of distinguished hostages. If it is rejected, the way is open to further demands or exactions, or even annexations, of much more consequence than any number of victims or hostages. M. Millerand, without waiting for the official rejection of a demand which so far as we know had not even been presented when he spoke, told the Chamber last Friday, that the obligation to evacuate the occupied provinces had already lapsed "in view of the flagrant non-fulfilment" of the Treaty. He has sent a note in this sense to Berlin, and the more Chauvinist part of the Rhine press declares plainly that the Rhine provinces will be made into a separate neutral State under French protection.

ONE need not take M. Millerand's threats too literally. They are a familiar form of political *chantage*, directed as much against us as against the Germans. Mr. George thought he could make a Treaty flippantly, as he makes an election: when the moment arrived to revise the impossible, something would turn up. He did not realize that he was playing with more skilful and far-seeing partners than himself. The French cannot do as they please on the Rhine without our consent. But by threatening to do what they know we must oppose, they reckon on keeping our desire to revise the Treaty within limits. That desire is now officially admitted, for Lord Curzon told the Lords on Tuesday that "a good deal of the Peace Treaty would have to be revised." What is chiefly in their minds, to judge from the Paris press, is the exaction of the equally impossible indemnity. Mr. George who made the Treaty, is, we fear, disabled from coping with such tactics. They mean the end of any close co-operation with France, and only a British Government which dared to confront French Chauvinism with the risk of isolation could hope to deal with them. In both countries we want Radical-Labor Governments, as the means, not only of saving Europe, but of keeping the two countries together.

THE second Session of the Coalition Government has opened with two oratorical successes for its head, and a pretty doubtful prospect for his policy. The tone of the King's Speech on foreign policy is nominally good, for it lays stress on the restoration of "normal conditions of economic life in Eastern Europe and Russia." It also hints at the advance in industrial prosperity which appears to have brought about an unexpected balance in the Budget. On the other hand, nearly all the Government's legislative proposals are bad or dangerous to it.

The Home Rule Bill is worse than dead, for it is the first measure of the kind to be universally damned on production. Mr. Churchill's Territorial Bill is revolutionary, and will cause trouble with Labor, and the Coal Bill, like the Home Rule Bill, is opposed by all the classes whose business it affects. This is also the character of a fourth measure for the reform of the House of Lords, which neither Radicalism nor Conservatism wants. For the moment both parties consider that the House of Lords is very well as it is. A very limited measure for the control of the liquor trade is suggested, again with a prospect of failure. The two strong solutions are State purchase and local option, and the Government is afraid of both. It looks, therefore, as if the Session would end in something like collapse.

\* \* \*

THE Prime Minister devoted the more substantial part of his vivacious speech in the debate on the Address to the subject of Russia. It would have been an admirable speech to make a year ago, and on his own admission it ought to have been made then. A year of slaughter, the cruelties of a blockade that excluded even anaesthetics from the Russian hospitals, the waste of a hundred millions of our money, and the paradoxical result that Bolshevism has only been strengthened—these are the results of Mr. George's surrender to Mr. Churchill and M. Clemenceau. Mr. George opened with a rather temperate statement of his reasons for disliking Bolshevism. But "you should recognise the facts." It is now clear, "that you cannot crush Bolshevism by force of arms. I was of that opinion, quite frankly, a year ago." What now was to be done? We could not restart the civil war, for the Bolsheviks had proved themselves by far the stronger, and the Whites always managed to alienate the populations whom they liberated. Moreover by so doing we should convert Bolshevism into a formidable military power. There was the policy of "the advancing ring of fire." But the Baltic States were making peace, Roumania would not budge, and no one would pay for the conduct of this war. To conclude definite peace was also impossible, till Soviet Russia dropped its "methods of barbarism."

\* \* \*

EXCLUDING these alternatives Mr. George went on to defend his own half-measure. Let us trade, let us "put Russia into circulation." He gave a glowing account, much too sanguine to our thinking, of the quantities of exportable grain in Russia. By trade he hopes to get the heads of the Russians down "from the clouds." Answering Mr. Churchill so directly, that he had no need to name him, he went on to laugh at the suggestion that Russia had anything to gain by attacking Poland and other neighbors even poorer than herself. There was no booty to be got there. That was true even of the Middle East. Moreover Russia had no army that could be formidable to any Western Power, nothing like the equipment of the Western Front. The real danger would come years hence if Russia were still blockaded, while Central Europe grew prosperous. "You cannot," he summed up, "refuse to buy corn in Egypt, because there is a Pharaoh on the throne . . . we must fight anarchy with abundance." So ends the most destructive criticism yet delivered of the Coalition's Russian policy.

\* \* \*

It is clear that Mr. Lloyd George's policy of trading with Russia without recognizing the Soviet Government, rests only on the thinnest of verbal distinctions. Moscow is prepared to allow the Co-operatives to do the trading, if the distinction comforts us, but in several messages it has frankly announced that the Co-operatives are simply

the Soviet organization on its distributive side. All that they do is under the control of the Soviet Government, and Mr. Litvinoff has been appointed as the head of the Co-operative delegations in *partibus infidelium*. Meanwhile all Russia is being organized for work on the model of the Red Army, and the professed adherents of the Communist Party lead the way, as volunteers at Saturday tasks, with songs and fiery zeal. They are setting a national fashion of hard productive work, which no amount of capitalist propaganda can stimulate in our old world, though in Russia there appears to be also an element of compulsion. Russia, as Mr. Lansbury, now in Moscow, puts it in a wireless message to the "Daily Herald," is mobilizing herself with every man to the front—this time a "bloodless front"—in a struggle to recreate herself after five years of war. "The churches," Mr. Lansbury adds, are "all open," and "true marriage is as sacred as ever." In short (with Odessa, as we predicted, again in the hands of the Reds), the only anxiety is now as to whether Poland will agree to make peace. She has started two small offensives this week, to the huge delight of the "Times," and once more announces that Marshal Foch is coming to Warsaw. Trainloads of 75's roll daily across Germany to her front.

\* \* \*

It would be hard to imagine a worse handling of the problem of mines nationalization than that which the Prime Minister applied to it on Wednesday night. The miners had outlined, through Mr. Brace, a moderate scheme which may roughly be described as approaching much nearer to Guild Socialism than either State Socialism or Syndicalism, offering fair compensation to the owners, giving plenty of local control, and trying to share it equitably among managers, miners, and consumers. The representation of the consumers might be strengthened, but the plan was a good basic plan, and clearly attracted the House of Commons. Unfortunately, Mr. Brace was followed by Mr. Lunn, a mild-mannered man, with a taste for strong language. Mr. Lunn declared for a general scheme of nationalization, and threatened a strike if the miners failed to get their special share of it. This speech, said Mr. George, filled him with despair. Judging by his speech, it filled him with delight, for he founded most of his rejoinder upon it, declaring that it was a threat to establish government by Soviet, an end of constitutional government, and a challenge to the fabric of freedom. Against such a menace the nation would stand to the death, &c., &c.

\* \* \*

WE have only to say that that is a bad way to handle the miners. They are moderate politicians but determined folk, who will stand by their leaders and their cause, but might readily be induced to take reasonable means of attaining it. We hope that a strong effort will be made to avert a strike for nationalization. But Mr. George's speech greatly weakens the moderates' resistance to it.

\* \* \*

ITALIAN Imperialism has been sharply criticised in this country and with good reason. After Signor Nitti's speech of last week in the Chamber, however, one must recognize that he at least is leading the way, as boldly as a bad heritage allows, towards a more liberal policy. In her general European policy Italy is now perhaps the most enlightened of the Allies. Signor Nitti made a fine plea for reconciliation with the vanquished. One recalls that the Italian cities are giving hospitality to many thousands of Viennese children. It is known, more-

over, that Italy, opposed the demand for the "war-criminals." He also declared very emphatically for complete peace with Russia. He trounced his Nationalists as people who "fasten their attention on an island or a rock and forget that a great nation is waiting to recover health and strength." We are glad to see that he dissociated Italy from the policy of dismembering Albania which the Supreme Council proposes. As the Jugo-Slavs have also, in words at least, done the same thing, there seems to be no excuse for this relapse at Paris into the worst traditions of the Vienna Congress. These were all of them proper sentiments, but while we welcome them, we cannot refrain from pointing out that Italy is still claiming Jugo-Slav territory with about 400,000 inhabitants, that she has established herself as the owner of the one good Albanian port, Valona, and that she retains the South Tyrol, with its solid German-Austrian population. None the less, if once the Fiume tangle were untied, it would be possible to reckon Italian influence among the European forces for peace.

\* \* \*

THE Milner Commission is coming home, having been unable to overcome the boycott, and it is announced humorously that it will finish its labors here. This end might have been foreseen, for Lord Milner's person was *ingratissima* to Nationalist Egypt, and though the Commission had a Liberal element, with which we sympathize, and which may do some good in opening official eyes, it was useless for it to work without a policy. This the Government must find, and in our view it should be the cancelling of the Protectorate, and the substitution of a free Treaty with Egypt, restoring her independence, and fully safeguarding our interests in the Canal and in Eastern policy. These guarantees we are sure we could get. The old unfree Empire is dying, and we want no addition to it in Egypt, veiled or unveiled. And the new Commonwealth wants friends and allies, not subjects.

\* \* \*

WE are afraid we cannot endorse the eulogy pronounced on M. Millerand's career by the Paris correspondent of the "Daily News." M. Millerand stands for the aggressive militarism of which that paper is a foremost opponent. Its correspondent's eulogy was based on M. Millerand's services to Labor twenty years ago, when he was a Socialist and represented the Socialist Party in the Waldeck Rousseau Cabinet. But not a word was said about his record as Minister of War in 1912 and 1913; had that episode in M. Millerand's career been mentioned, it would hardly have been possible to say that he "remained faithful to his ideals." Even in France no politician has more completely boxed the compass. M. Millerand had already developed militarist tendencies when he became Minister of War for the first time in 1910, in the Briand Cabinet; his policy in 1912-1913 made him the hope of the Chauvinists. It was too much for a Conservative and Catholic like the late Baron Guillaume, who, as we mentioned here three weeks ago, described it as a danger to Europe. Yet this is the gentleman whom the Paris correspondent of the "Daily News" calls upon us to hail as the savior of France. M. Millerand's capacity to solve economic problems is hardly suggested by his choice of a Finance Minister who represents "High Finance" and is opposed to the income tax and even to a tax on war profits.

\* \* \*

In his speech on Tuesday night the Prime Minister attacked the building trade unions because they declined to accept the dilution proposals of the Ministry of Health. The result, Mr. Lloyd George declared, is twofold. Work on the building of houses is denied to 350,000 discharged

soldiers who are anxious to help and whose services could be utilized in carrying out the great building programme. The municipalities cannot build because they cannot obtain labor. It is characteristic of the Prime Minister that he should seize upon one factor in a complicated problem to reinforce his general criticism of labor, and ignore others more directly concerned with the Government's own handling of the housing scheme. In the first place it is obvious that the failure of the municipalities to produce houses cannot be due entirely to labor delinquencies. There are actually some scores of thousands of bricklayers and laborers available, and the fact that they are not employed on working class houses calls for some explanation other than that given by Mr. George. Finance is admittedly a serious obstacle, and experts in the building trade have declared within the last few days that the rapid rise in prices of building materials under the control of the rings is making it impossible either for private builders or municipalities to erect small houses except at exorbitant cost.

\* \* \*

THEN as to the trade unions. They *may* be acting selfishly and without regard to the national interest. But the Prime Minister told less than half the story. The evil of unemployment in the building trade before the war was notorious. It is seasonal unemployment, and therefore constitutes a special problem which cannot be dealt with adequately under ordinary legislation like that of the measure to extend the scheme of insurance. The attitude of the unions is broadly that if a scheme is established under which the worker will be guaranteed reasonable maintenance during his periods of enforced idleness, if the community is safeguarded against profiteering by the master builders, and if the power of building material rings is curbed, they will agree to dilution, and will undertake to raise output to the highest possible limit. These points were explained clearly and forcibly by the union officials at the recent conference with the Prime Minister and Dr. Addison. But no attempt was made to meet them, and Dr. Addison's demeanor even suggested that he thought the proposals presumptuous. Surely the wise thing would be to call a conference of the men's leaders, not to lecture them but to discuss the request of the operatives fully and fairly. Until this has been done it is impossible to fix blame.

\* \* \*

THERE is, we hope, a chance that the example of the Trade Unions of Holland in giving up a day's wage to the feeding of the starving children of Central Europe will be followed here. How great the need still is, may be gathered from the following note from Sir Thomas Cunningham, of whose splendid work and organization we need say nothing here. Thousands of children owe their lives to his devoted effort:—

"The task of organizing the machinery for distribution here has been great, as the original scope of our work was so greatly extended by the response of England. We deal now with children of six years and under who are not being helped already by the Americans, and we make no distinction between classes, creeds, and political tenets. An initial estimate points to about 130,000 children and 70,000 mothers. The first task is to make up leeway. The poorer classes are lamentably deficient in first necessities of life—no stores, no clothing, no heat, and no prospects of renewal. For this group we want particularly CLOTHING, SOAP, AND FUEL. In addition, moreover, to ordinary foodstuffs we want for all very young children special foods, such as fats (particularly), cocoa, cod liver oil, and condensed or dried milk. The principal difficulty is that, to-day, for the very young children of the poorer classes all these stores are required simultaneously, and any adequate supply to them is, of course, much outside the monetary capacity of their parents."



## Politics and Affairs.

### FROM RUSSIA TO IRELAND.

"Are we to withdraw our troops? Are we to withdraw our protection; are we to leave the assassins in charge?"—*Mr. Lloyd George on Ireland.*

"All our forces are out of Russia. . . . You cannot crush Bolshevism by force of arms."—*The same on Russia.*

WE suppose that in the history of Parliament no Prime Minister ever faced so unformed and untrained an intelligence as the House of Commons of the Second Coalition. Mr. George's Parliament, indeed, is very like Mr. George's mind. It contains some bits and oddments of opinion; and it harbors the wrecks or nourishes the embryos of divers political parties. Collective will it has none, and its political culture is almost equally deficient. For intelligence it depends on its power of stretching out a feeler to the forces outside, and assimilating whatever comes its way. Its master and director possesses the most serviceable tentacle of all. It has reached out for a policy in Russia, and found it. It has felt for a policy in Ireland, and lost it. It gropes for a way out of the almost impenetrable darkness and dearth of Europe; and discovers neither hold nor sustenance. In the course of these physical researches it has at last made something approaching to a mental discovery. Mr. Lloyd George has found that force is no remedy for the discontents that force created or aggravated, and that it is time to try a better way. He has applied that conclusion to Russia; he is sure to try and apply it to the Treaty of Versailles; and he will find that he cannot long delay its application to the state of the British Empire.

Let us examine the case for the new departure in Russia. Mr. George, as he pressed and amplified the argument for peace with the Soviets, obviously had in mind his own colleague, Mr. Churchill, who has spent a hundred millions of British money and sacrificed scores of thousands of Russian lives in resisting it. Mr. George had no difficulty in tearing Churchillism to tatters. His text was the War Office Jihad on Bolshevik aggression in the Middle East; his discourse was of the folly of that document as a foundation of British policy. The Memorandum discovered Bolsheviks everywhere. They were at Baku; they were approaching Khiva; they were even in the neighborhood of Herat. Mr. George assumes that if they were at Baku, they would only get oil, which in any case they could buy; that they could get nothing at all from the mountains of Kurdistan; and that it did not much matter what they got out of Persia, if they ever reached it. Our business therefore was not with political designs which, if they existed, could not be compassed, but with the human needs of the Russian people, and the corresponding needs of Europe. Russia wanted machinery; Europe wanted grain. Incidentally this exchange of economic forces would bear political fruit. Bolsheviks turned traders would soon forget the rapine and the crudities of their earlier creed; if indeed, they had not already begun to shed its skin. As we have preached this doctrine in *THE NATION* every week since the Armistice began, we may take some small credit for Mr. George's conversion to it; and in the meantime inquire of him what he proposes to do about the British Empire?

Now there happen to be three parts of the Empire in which the doctrine of force, abandoned in Russia, has unprecedented sway—Egypt, India, and Ireland.

Egypt, indeed, is no legal part of the King's Dominions, though it is in effect subject to our Imperium. In our view it should be formally detached from any such connection, and its future relationship determined not by a military Protectorate, but by a Treaty of amity freely negotiated between the Sultan and his Egyptian advisers and the British power. The position of British India is somewhat different. The Indian reformer does not ask for separation. He wants self-government; and only if a seal is to be set on Amritsar, and the doctrine of the sword rounded off with the most abhorrent example of it in British history, will he be tempted to add a British evacuation of India to his programme. In Ireland the case for a resort to the self-determination which we now concede to Russia, and which we shall be forced, by the stress of events and the contagion of policies, to apply to Egypt and India, is the most urgent of all. For it is certain that if we maintain Lord French's rule much longer, we shall risk the most serious situation with America which has arisen since 1812. His recall, therefore, is the first need of the situation, and with it the abandonment of the "Castle System," and the razing of that monument of iniquity to the ground. Such a policy involves a measure of trust, or, as Mr. George preferred to put it, a measure of risk. But if we will risk nothing we shall gain nothing, while we run an excellent chance of losing everything. Having cleared out the military, we shall have put the Irish in virtual control of Ireland. For what purpose? Not, it is obvious, as a *corpus vile* for such an experiment as the Government's "Home Rule" Bill. You cannot, as Lord Hugh Cecil said, force a plan of "self-government" on a people that refuses it. The alternative is a Bill by consent. But as there is no organ of consent, and the Irish membership of Parliament no longer exists, it is necessary to create one. And that is a possible and not even a difficult course. We can ask the Irish to summon a free Irish Convention on a basis of proportional representation, and await its verdict. If that is for a Republic, we enter on the region of bargain and Treaty, from which alone, in our view, an Irish settlement can be reached.

Our proposition would, in that case, we imagine, be for Dominion Rule, without any Irish contribution to Great Britain. We can either call on Ulster to come in, or allow the four dissenting counties to stand out, and remain temporarily attached to our *raj*. In either case, if we adhere to the Labor-Liberal doctrine of self-determination, we should tell Ireland that after an interval she should have the power to opt for a Republic. An Irish correspondent in another column fixes this experimental period at ten years. We share Mr. Asquith's doubt whether, as the world goes, and when Ireland could see the practical advantage of a free and favored connection with the Imperial system over the shiftless life of a Central European Republic outside it, the idea of a Republic would appeal more strongly to an Irish Irishman than to a Canadian one. Even if it did, we should be at our ease. Ireland could do us no harm. The chances are that by the mere force of reaction she would become pro-English. We are certain that it would be our own fault if she did not. We fear the existence of a hostile Ireland on our flank. But as Mr. Arthur Griffith said at the Sinn Féin meeting in the Albert Hall, that is because we rule Ireland by force. Abandon it, and the general political cause of ill-will, and the continual friction which maintains it, disappear together. For we regard the pacification of Ireland as one step in the



transmutation of the political character of the Empire. To-day it stands unevenly and dangerously balanced between the idea of force and that of consent. But, as we have discovered in the case of the greater colonies, the day of dictated settlements is over. The charter of the whole Empire will have to be re-drawn, and based on the free Treaty and the Constitutional Peace.

### THE BLUNDER AND THE WAY OUT.

WHEN the Allies sent to Berlin a demand for the surrender of 900 members of the German ruling class, they must have known that they were asking what no Government of any race of white men could possibly concede. The answer might be a brusque "we will not," or a more politic "we can not." A show of attempting to arrest the accused might be made, or even this degree of deference might be omitted. In the end the proposed procedure might, by compromises, be brought into some conformity with judicial decency, and the list itself whittled down. It would be easy even now to imagine a procedure which would at least avoid grave scandal. The Allies, however, have committed a psychological blunder so grievous, that a total failure to achieve any result whatever is now the more probable end of this sorry business. By compiling a list so numerous, so varied, and so distinguished, they have dealt the whole German people a blow so staggering that negotiation from such a starting point is very difficult.

No one could glance at this list and resist the impression that it aimed primarily at some terrific effect of intimidation. It amounts to a general proscription, and one need only ask what the comment of the rest of the world would be if victorious Reds had drawn it up at the end of a civil war. Hindenburg and Ludendorff are hard men, of a type which the Protestant Northern races often produce in Ulster, in Scotland, as in Prussia, a type which its enemies cannot like, while its own people trust it blindly, because they respect its sense of duty. Bethmann-Hollweg was a weak yet honest man. Of Count Bernstorff the best informed hold a high opinion. Mackensen and Liman von Sanders have their admirers even among ourselves. Does anyone seriously think that these men, perverted by their application of modern "war science," were also devoid of a patriotic sense of duty? Were their errors of policy, disastrous as they were, different or worse in intention or effect from the decision of our own Allied statesmen, to maintain the blockade after the armistice? To confound men of this stamp (not to mention General Count Montgelas, one of the pioneers of pacifism in Germany, whose name is also in the list) with the real criminals, who out of wanton cruelty committed some spontaneous barbarity in prison camp, or on the high seas, is to turn what might have been a salutary trial into an act of rational vengeance.

Our own British list is in this respect little more moderate than that of the French. They ask for Hindenburg and Ludendorff. We call for Tirpitz, Capelle, and von Scheer. Again, is it tolerable to call for the punishment of the ordinary zeppelin or submarine commanders, men who executed orders, and would have been shot for disobedience? The Allies themselves followed the German instruction in these matters, and if we would indict war, with its insatiable, all-devouring spirit of destruction, we may well mark how it developed from one example to another. Our submarines preyed on merchant shipping in the Baltic, while our airmen, and still more the French, constantly bombed the Rhine-

land cities, and were preparing at the end for an annihilating flight to Berlin. Germans regard their fliers as chivalrous heroes, and many of our own airmen thought highly of them also. The only result of confounding statesmen and generals, and dashing guerillas of the sea and air, with the mean criminals who really deserve to be branded, is that in the eyes of the Germans to be included in the list is now an honor. These, say they, are the men our enemies feared, and already we are told that the Allies have rendered certain the election of Hindenburg as President of the Republic. There is in all this no mystery, no strange trick of an alien mentality. The effect of such a list in such circumstances on Englishmen or Frenchmen would have been exactly the same. One does not ask of Allied statesmen that they should be experts in exotic psychology, but one does expect of them some knowledge of human nature.

It is now the fashion in London to blame the French for this unchivalrous folly. The fact is much the contrary. The French lack the Puritanic moralist strain which often leads Englishmen and Americans to set some mystical value on punishment. Mr. Lloyd George, though himself no Anglo-Saxon, knows our foibles, and he made the most of them, when he shamelessly used the trial of the Kaiser as an electioneering cry. We soon recovered, however, from the unbalanced mood of last December, and Mr. George was quick to feel the change. It may well be that if he had now to re-write the Treaty, he would blot out the clauses which call for the trial of the Kaiser and the other undesirable. None the less, these clauses are his work, and in a less degree, Mr. Wilson's; the Anglo-Saxon idiom is audible in every line of them. Why, then, do the French adhere to them with such evident tenacity? One must recollect that the Paris press is a highly-trained orchestra. It can be used for diplomatic manoeuvres as our own cannot. The general theme runs clear through many variations. "Treaties are treaties. The Germans have broken or are about to break this Treaty. If we yield once, we shall yield again. You don't want to be vindictive? That may be creditable, but dare we start dissensions with so much yet to be exacted? How shall we get our indemnity to-morrow, if we give way to this clamor of clemency to-day?" That is the main theme, accompanied not seldom by polemics on the singular methods of the British Prime Minister, which we do not feel able to resent. We next reach an alternative argument, which with some divination and underlining, we expand as follows:—

(1) "We are realists, and do not pretend to care as Anglo-Saxons do, for the abstract beauty of retribution. None the less, it is necessary to crush the Bosche, for our own advantage and safety. He must never dare to raise his head again. He must be taught to obey implicitly. He must learn to work for a generation to come to pay his indemnity into our exchequer. We leave abstract morality to Mr. George and Lord Birkenhead. We want the indemnity. To get the indemnity we must dominate the brute. If we get his generals from him to-day, we shall get his millions to-morrow." It is the lion-tamer's argument. The whip has its uses, if the bars of the cage are firmly set. Forced labor always involves the breaking of the slave's spirit.

(2) "Treaties have many uses. They are useful when observed, and at times even more useful when broken. In this case if Anglo-Saxon scruples rob us of the trifling satisfaction of trying Hindenburg and Ludendorff, we shall cast about for some more enduring compensation. The same Anglo-Saxon morality interfered with us when we claimed the Rhine frontier.

Luckily, we hold that pledge. If the Treaty is broken, then we, too, are free from the obligation of evacuating the occupied territory."

So much M. Millerand has already said in plain official terms, and it must be admitted that the text of the Treaty gives him this right. Our statesmen knew nothing of German psychology, and they knew still less of French. They have as good as given the whole Rhineland, including the Saar, for all time to the French. It is theirs to keep if the Treaty is not observed, and it cannot be observed.

This sorry crisis over the proscription lists brings us sharply up against a very much bigger matter. As we read English opinion, the Treaty is, for our part, as good as revised. What Lord Curzon—in a very notable and really enlightened speech—Mr. Asquith, Lord Robert Cecil, and the whole Labor Party say to-day, will be British policy to-morrow. Indeed, we imagine that if a plébiscite were taken to-day on the proposals in Mr. Maynard Keynes's book, among the few hundred men and women, officials, soldiers, bankers, travellers, and journalists who have some knowledge of the present state of Europe, they would be adopted almost unanimously. To convert this country is not difficult, for we are not a vindictive race, and at the best our own share of the indemnities and coal tributes would be slight. It is a very different matter to convert the French, and as yet we see not even a sign of hesitation. How shall we revise the Treaty, if at every turn this war-prisoners drama is repeated? There is a real note of statesmanship to be heard in Signor Nitti's speech of last week, but none at all in M. Millerand's. The vaguely optimistic pin their faith to the League of Nations. The League has nothing to say to the execution of the Treaty, and even if it had, one voice on its Council can veto any decision. The League, indeed, can be little more than a shadow, so long as the Allies assume to themselves in all large matters the real governance of the world. For a decade to come, if not for longer, almost every conceivable international question will turn on the form and content of these Treaties, and it is the Allies who will decide it; Italy has as yet little weight, America can have none till she has chosen a new President. The world, in short, will be ruled from London and Paris, with the weight of ability decidedly in Paris. Paris will not fall readily into any plans for the revision of the Treaty, and if facts compel her very slowly to yield to the inevitable, she is only too likely to seek compensation in pressing demands, like the separation of the Rhinelands from Germany, which would make the instrument an even more iniquitous thing than it is. There is a logical French system of military ascendancy, no mere mood, but a settled plan of campaign. We are not sanguine that the French will abandon it by any spontaneous process of thought. Once adopted, such a system perpetuates itself. The French feel safe because the Germans are crushed, disarmed, impoverished, and isolated. Their notion of safety requires that the enemy be kept crushed.

For our part we see no way out of this situation save by straight speech and decided action. We cannot be parties to this system. We can adhere to no alliance for maintaining it. We decline the risks; we refuse the responsibility. It means the end of European civilisation, and a worse militarism, resting on the savagery of negro conscripts and the egoism of little half-barbaric Allies, than that which it overthrew. The only way to get the Treaty revised and the system abandoned, is to tell French Nationalism very plainly, that if they choose to challenge the hatred of half the Continent, they must face the consequences alone. They

will not face the consequences. They are shrewd realists, and to-day they reckon on the eternity of the Alliance. It is not eternal. It visibly cracks. It must give way to the League of the Nations.

### THE MIND OF THE LEFT CENTRE.

For the first time since the war there emerges from the platform at Paisley a serious attempt to define a Liberal policy. A series of resolutions, summarizing much that the leader of the party has been expounding, were passed by the National Liberal Federation at Birmingham. But these resolutions passed almost unnoticed, and appeared to possess not much more than the academic interest of pious affirmations. Mr. Asquith indeed, although leader, has no power to bind his followers. And at best the application of Liberal principles to present needs by a leader in Opposition is subject to the challenge of a General Election. It is therefore the expression of an individual. But it is also the exposition of the "Centre" spirit, of something that is to-day less thorough-going than Radicalism. It carries with it the impress of the "common mind" in Liberalism. It is also interesting for a personal reason, as exhibiting the post-war policy that a statesman of the Left Centre in politics is prepared to advocate after having been eight years Prime Minister. It may be interesting to others as outlining the position behind which may rally that which will remain of the Liberal Party in the new England. But it is chiefly important as revealing the extent to which the normally cautious Middle or Left Centre of the nation is prepared to go in an effort to find a solution for the problems of world confusion and internal discontent.

In regard to the former, indeed, the position marks a definite advance. For the first time a British statesman of European outlook, and speaking in the hearing of the world, denounces the product of the Paris Conference as "not a clean Peace" and calls for its immediate revision. This at least rids us of the sickly atmosphere with which all parties in the House of Commons enveloped it when the Prime Minister brought his sorry package triumphantly home. Mr. Asquith calls for territorial readjustments. He calls for a reconsideration of the whole question of indemnity. He pronounces the Reparation clauses, as far as Austria is concerned, to be "insane." He demands the establishment of Free Trade in Central Europe. He requires that Germany should be subjected to a limited, fixed payment, instead of the vast liabilities which are killing all hope and energy in her people, and merely represent efforts of Mr. Lloyd George to fulfil his election promises at the cost of the ruin of Europe. Mr. Asquith endorses Mr. Walter Long's declaration that altogether apart from considerations of humanity and compassion, it is the plain, common-sense, material interest of this country that Germany and the Central Powers should be saved from economic collapse. He assails emphatically, though tardily, the whole of our twelve months' relationship with Russia. And he insists on peace and the resumption of trade intercourse—not merely a cessation of active hostility—as the first condition of Europe's salvation. Finally he re-affirms the duty of recovering the hatreds of war, and declares his unaltered belief in the establishment of the League of Nations as the instrument of the future peace of the world.

Such a declaration must, of course, have its influence on Government policy. If Mr. Asquith returns to the



House of Commons, he must proclaim the justice and expediency of these changes. At the beginning of the electoral campaign of 1918 the Prime Minister outlined a policy of intelligence and damped down a plot of revenge. It was only in the last few days and under the pressure of his "Coupon" machine, that he gave the pledges which have tormented Europe. He returned from Paris to stifle the elements of reason in face of a revolt which he dared not fairly face, and to compound the monstrous provisions of the Reparation Clauses. All through the Russian confusion he showed glimpses of sanity and good judgment, and again allowed them to be overcome by the pressure of the forces of hate and fear. He may now be compelled to face pressure from the other side, coming through a responsible Opposition leader. It is probable as he reads Mr. Asquith's speech of last Friday week that he would declare to himself that he agrees with every word of it. He can at least take it as a measure of moderate opinion on the Treaty.

On Ireland, too, there has been a step forward. Against the impossible scheme of the Government and his own weak measure, Mr. Asquith has declared for the principle of self-determination. He has advocated Dominion Home Rule, including that central power and symbol which split in two the Dublin Conference—the giving to the Irish nation of full financial autonomy in the control of Customs and Excise. He has not treated in detail the proposals of the Government on regard to Ulster. But he has emphasized the unity of Ireland as a land of one people. This declaration, more than any detail of the proposed Bill, turned away from it the opinion of every section of Ireland, Southern Unionist as completely as extreme Sinn Féin. Mr. Asquith has not quite clearly faced the implications of self-determination. But he does not exclude its exercise, believing (we think rightly) that Ireland, if she had freedom of choice, would choose to remain within a Commonwealth of British Nations rather than to live the kind of national life that is being endured by the new States of South-Eastern Europe.

On home affairs the guidance from Paisley is less definite. Mr. Asquith suffers, as he has always suffered, from the appearance of advocating reform rather as a duty than a delight. Comparisons of the Paisley and the Midlothian campaigns are inevitable and somewhat inept. There is this fundamental difference. Mr. Gladstone embarked on his pilgrimage of passion in a state of tremendous energy about things that seemed in themselves ephemeral. He imparted much of his own passion to his auditors. Reading the speeches to-day one is astonished that so much heat was expended on such limited aims. Nevertheless, Midlothian had its deep significance. Its real force was moral; the Midlothian campaign marked the last great effort to idealize foreign politics. Mr. Asquith makes no appeal either to passion or to abstract justice. He lives in a tidy world of legal conceptions and considerations of common sense. He makes no concession of this mental restraint to popular audiences. He addresses the mill girls of Paisley as if they were a committee of Treasury experts. Still the subjects of modern policy are gigantic, and if his rehearsal of its aims is the prelude to vigorous action on them, the Paisley campaign should bear fruit. Retrenchment of a ruinous waste, disarmament, the relief of the burden of war debt by a levy on war profits or a capital levy on all wealth, the question of the nationalization of great industries—all these are subjects vital to the health of this nation. On some of them Mr. Asquith's guidance is suggestive only. He appears willing to accept a capital levy on conditions; nationalization he would only tolerate if freed from

bureaucratic organization and control. These hints do not carry us very far. The miners' leaders explain that they are as opposed to bureaucracy as Mr. Asquith himself, and that if he would study their scheme he would find it little different from his own. It is here that the Asquithian method of the compact phrase falls short of the intellectual demands of the nation. However, it has been set on the road to think, and in the hard constructive work before it, it is well to have the mind of the Left Centre ranging with such ease over the vast surface.

### NEW AND OLD IN INDUSTRY.

THE industrial world is in confusion, not only in the sense that the war and the peace between them have made a chaos of Europe, but also in the sense that the old moral economy of industry is disorganized. We cannot open our newspaper without finding some new illustration of this truth. Last week Messrs. John Brinsmead, the well-known piano makers, announced that the output of their works had declined to such an extent that the making of pianos was no longer a profitable business. Twenty-six men, they declare, are now doing the work of six men before the war. They gave notice to their workmen and their factories were to be used for other purposes, the managing director explaining that they would do better employing a different class of work-people to the highly skilled workmen whom they now employ. The account given by Messrs. Brinsmead of their own experience is ridiculed by other piano makers; it is probable that their statement is an exaggeration, and that there were other reasons for their action (now cancelled) than the reason that is given such prominence. But the complaint of this firm does not stand alone. It is very common in many different kinds of employment, and even when we have discounted the natural tendency of the employer to underestimate the energy of the people he employs, there is good reason to believe that the war has been followed by a general reduction of effort. How far that reduction is a result of the trenches, how far it is a reaction from the strain of the war, how far it is due to deeper and more serious causes, nobody can say at this moment. All that can be said is that the present system is not working well, as a system for soliciting the goodwill and the vigor of the workers.

How is that system working in other respects? Two of the most important of our industries have come under the fierce light of a public inquiry; and the results in the two cases are painfully similar. Mr. Bevin's brilliant indictment of the administration of the docks emphasises a state of things remarkably like that revealed before the Coal Commission. Of leadership in the large sense of the term in these vital industries there is none. The Coal Commission found that the conflict of private interests and the incapacity of the industry for effective organisation, under existing conditions, added enormously to the waste and loss of our resources. The handling of the problems of organising effort at the docks is not less stupid and incompetent. The ends and objects of particular employers are served by disorganisation; they welcome arrangements that ensure the supply of casual labor just when they want it. If you regard the work of the docks as a means for enriching a number of private persons, without considering the importance either of economy or dispatch in the general organisation of transport, you want one thing: if you regard the work of the docks as a great



public service, you want something else. If, again, you think it more important to secure enormous profits for the capital invested in transport industries than to secure a decent kind of life for the thousands of men employed in that industry, you may be satisfied with the state of things revealed before the dock inquiry. Now it was the assumption of the old system that the public interest was best promoted and safeguarded by leaving free play to the motive of gain, and that the capitalist was brought by the force of circumstances to pursue the public good in pursuing his private advantage. That assumption has been found to be false in the case of our leading industries, coal and transport, and there is no reason to suppose that when the workers in other industries have forced the Government to concede an inquiry into their circumstances, the conclusions will be different in their cases. The existing system is a failure, then, not merely in its capacity to stimulate the workers to do their best work, but in its capacity to secure efficient and economical management.

We have had another glaring illustration in the case of the price of cloth. During the war a successful experiment was made in the organisation of the woollen and worsted industries with a view to public economy. The Government bought up the wool clips, and the processes by which wool was turned into khaki were all paid for on a system of conversion costs. Profits were in this way limited, and the nation was not fleeced as it would have been had this cloth been bought in the ordinary way. The new material that was used for the civilian trade was rationed, and the arrangements for carrying out this system were in the hands of a Board of Control made up of representatives of the Government, the employers, and the Trade Unions in equal numbers. It was proposed by one of the trade unionist members that standard cloth might be produced on the same lines as khaki, and the proposal was accepted. In this way the consumer was protected, like the Government, from the consequences of the artificial scarcity. The industry did not suffer. On the contrary, the unhealthy element of speculation was eliminated, and the spinners and manufacturers were producing for the public on satisfactory terms. The industry which had been backward in respect of the conditions of employment made a great advance, and trade union organisation, under the stimulus of their share in the control of the industry, improved rapidly. The abandonment of this system has produced such a wild rush of prices that comparatively few people can afford to buy clothes at all. The Government instead of continuing their control released the trade and trusted to Profiteering Committees to protect the public. This was done in the teeth of the advice of the majority of the Wool Council. It has given the nation an object lesson in the results of the existing system as a system for serving the interests of the consumer.

The great danger of the present situation is that political motives are impeding the study and discussion of the capital problem of the time. Mr. Asquith, like the Prime Minister, tells us that he is for private enterprise and against nationalisation. These simple phrases take us no further; they merely carry us back half a century. What do these statesmen mean by private enterprise as applied to coal and transport? Do they mean that all the piercing criticisms of the present system count for nothing and that the country is to go on with a system pronounced wasteful and inefficient by men like Sir Arthur Duckham? Do they mean that

the railways are to revert to the old spasmodic arrangements? It is easy to denounce nationalisation as bureaucratic control, for nobody is in love to-day with the idea of the State as nurse or policeman. It is particularly easy if you have not studied the Sankey Report or the miners' scheme, and this, we suspect, is the case of a good many of these distinguished critics, because in that case you may still ignore the truth about the proposed schemes, which is that they do not set up bureaucratic control. The miners' leaders on their side encourage this perversion by hinting at methods of enforcing their will, which excite the hostility of the neutral observer. Nothing would suit Mr. Lloyd George's book better than the chance of an issue which would enable him to escape from the crimes and follies of his Government during the last fourteen months. We are rapidly drifting into a false atmosphere in which discussion retracts further and further from the facts. The question is not whether private enterprise or nationalisation is the better for industry; it is how our industrial system should be recast in order to get rid of its admitted vices. The employers say the present system does not get the best work out of the men; the men say that it does not get the best work out of the employer. The outsider knows, meanwhile, that his boot is pinching.

In this bewildering and difficult situation infinitely the most important event is the organisation of a Manchester Building Guild. The Government have failed conspicuously to provide something of which the country stands in urgent need. The private enterprise of which Mr. Asquith talks has set up cinemas and shops and repaired the houses of the rich, but it has left the returned soldier without a roof to his head. In this emergency the offer of the Building Trades Unions to supply Manchester with 2,000 houses on a cost basis, is of capital interest and importance. There seems every prospect that this experiment in Guild principles will be made, and that the Guild will be able to find all the technical and managing skill that is needed. In estimating the cost the Guild have rightly arranged to eliminate the risk of broken time, and to put all the workers in the Guild on a secure basis. The experiment will be watched with the greatest interest, not merely for its own sake, but also because it may serve to teach even politicians that phrases which answered more or less to the controversies of fifty years ago bear no meaning to-day. The speeches of Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George on nationalization belong to a political generation which believed that the successful organisation of industry meant the organisation of industry in such a way as to give the greatest encouragement industrially to the owners of capital. If Messrs. Brinsmead find it more paying to get a new set of workmen and use their piano factory for something else, why then in the name of private enterprise they ought to make the change without considering or consulting their workmen. It is against this whole view that the modern world is revolting. Industry stands to-day in a quite different light as a system under which men and women who work with mind or hand use capital for production, not as a system under which the man who owns capital disposes of the lives and fortunes of the producers. The Guild idea offers one way of putting industry on to this new basis; that is, of making capital the servant instead of the master of the workers and of society as a whole. The misfortune is that our politicians refuse to face the problem and seek to entangle a world which is in actual peril in controversies that are unreal and outworn.

## THE GOOD AMERICAN.

## II.—PURITAN, PIONEER, AND PROFITEER.

By J. A. HOBSON.

THE panic-mind with its disregard for personal liberty cannot be explained as an abnormality of war-time. It belongs to a certain impatience of temper which resents deliberation and delay because it is eager for results and therefore wants "to put things through." In money-making, in games, in politics, in learning, the American wants quick returns. He will not play a waiting game, or endure the toil of slow preparations. His are typically rush-tactics. High physical vitality, stimulated by rapid changes of material environment, lies at the root of this impatience. The self-confidence and optimism which such a life generates have high survival value for the pioneer and for the American business man. And when these forces are set on to politics and other acts of social conduct, they stifle criticism, bear down minorities and justify all violations, even of the law itself, by the craving "to make good." Recent American commentators have pointed out how the two characteristic American "philosophies," Transcendentalism and Pragmatism, are both feeders and expressions of the zest for material achievement, the former by removing into innocuous channels the wandering idealism which might else have turned to social criticism, the latter as an honest positive systematization of the purposes of modern America. The close connection thus established between Puritan, Pioneer, Profiteer and Pragmatist carries to a logical conclusion the criticism which Matthew Arnold brought to bear upon his own mid-Victorian countrymen. The preference for "doing" over "knowing," which is Arnold's charge against British Philistinism, is more closely applicable to modern America.

And this in spite of one important difference. In Arnold's England there was neither in his barbarian aristocracy, his Philistine middle-class, his brutal populace any widespread, genuine desire for knowledge, even in such studies as were contributory to utilitarian ends. In America to-day there is found everywhere a keen interest in education, and in most States a generous provision of intellectual equipment. Curiosity is the raw material of culture, and American curiosity has long been proverbial.

And yet in no country does the cause of disinterested knowledge stand in graver peril. Not in Germany itself has there been a subtler attack upon the sources of free personality, the liberty "to know, to utter, and to argue." I do not allude chiefly to the direct and indirect control, especially of the Universities, by wealthy benefactors and partizan legislatures, though naive exhibitions of this influence have been given in the recent "drives" for teaching funds to which most places of higher learning have been forced to resort by the rise in the cost of living. That the diversion of surplus income of business millionaires into education should be made a means of purging the Universities of dangerous or suspicious elements may be taken for granted. The suspected proclivities and prejudices of prospective donors have all along been an emasculating factor in University life.

But far more dangerous and disconcerting is the acceptance and connivance of the general mind of "the good American" in low standards of truth and loose methods of attaining it. This is not a distinctively moral defect; it derives directly from intellectual impatience and the dislike of criticism in matters where there is a strong utilitarian appeal. Thus the American is a humorously easy prey to a pragmatism which represents war-truth as any tale which helps to inflame feeling and win the war, and is now turned on to make peace-truth correspond with any statement of fact or opinion making for social settlement and good business.

It may seem as if we had wandered far from our central topic of liberty. But the curious attitude of the American mind towards "truth" is closely relevant to this topic. The ordinary American temperament, more curious, tense, excitable and socially contagious than

that of any European people, was raised in war-time to a hysterical condition. It was suggestible, explosive, credulous, suspicious, vain-glorious, tyrannical, to a degree exceeding anything we experienced.

Now, the greatest of all lessons of the war has been the art of propaganda, the workability of public opinion by the selection, rejection and doctoring of truth and the "putting of it over." And it is to America pre-eminently that we must look to-day for the quick, bold application of this lesson. For America presents the finest apparatus of propaganda and the most receptive and workable condition of the general mind.

For the school and the newspaper, everywhere the chief controls, are more potent factors than elsewhere. More money is put into them, their apparatus is more elaborate, and their influence respectively upon the youthful and the adult mind is more unquestioned. The churches, the clubs, the movies are serviceable adjuncts, but they cannot compete with these. It would be wrong, of course, to represent any of these agencies as devoted chiefly and consciously to propaganda. There is a more genuine desire for information and a wider-spread interest in ideas among Americans than among any other people. Their devotion to children, for example, is continually leading them to new experiments in methods of education, many of which are very sound and fruitful. The spread of nature-study and handicraft-training among the schools are but two among many lines of educational advances. Indeed, in their teaching, as in other social institutions, the rapid adoption of improvements or novelties may seem incompatible with what has been said about the intolerance of eccentricity in the herd-mind. So prone has America shown herself to variation of religious, political and economic creeds, so prolific in heresies and schisms, as to give support to the claim to be the most tolerant of countries.

Indeed, to many calm observers this lightness of attachments, this hankering after novelties, has seemed a dangerous defect. But in this apparent contradiction there lies an economy of intolerance. It is not without significance that even a single generation ago there was a high measure of intolerance and much heresy-hunting in the orthodox churches. Why has that so visibly abated? Quite evidently because the creeds have lost their grip upon the intellects and feelings of the new generation. It is not so much a wave of active infidelity as a spread of indifference. The wonders of this world have displaced the wonders of another. The churches have ceased to be very interesting: their appeal has weakened. Once the world used to be continually rent by the bloody warring of religious sects. Now the under-causes of all wars are economic. Other differences become tolerable. Fanaticism and intolerance have shifted their venue. Economics and its related politics are the new field of intolerance. We have had vivid glimpses of this change in England. Bradlaugh, the atheist, the arch-enemy of mid-Victorian religion, died respected and respectable, as the champion of private property against the new Apollyon of Socialism.

In America to-day one hears the grotesque travesty of religion, named Mormonism, spoken of with positive respect, because it has "made good" in industry and is felt to be a bulwark of social order. Similarly the new powerful creed of Christian Science has met with what at first might seem a remarkable display of toleration, challenging, as it did, both established orders of medicine men, those who hold a vested interest in the cure of souls and bodies. While there are, of course, other intrinsic merits and attractions to explain its growth, the tolerance and respect it receives from "good Americans," who are not themselves adherents, is evidently due to a feeling that Christian Science, like the earlier Transcendentalism, draws off into innocuous channels much latent idealism which might otherwise be dangerous, and that the prosperous organization of such a church will prove a buttress of the sort of conservatism that really matters.



## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Treaty of Versailles, says Mr. George Young in his brilliant sketch of "The New Germany,"\* has Bolshified Eastern Europe, Balkanized Central Europe, and Bottomleyized Western Europe. He might have added that it has Bedlamized her statesmanship. Who could have believed that men with experience of the life of States could have devised a demand for the surrender of the war staffs (for it amounts to that) of Germany for trial by court-martials of their enemies? What begat that folly? French malice and zeal for the destruction of her foe? No; the French Chauvinists are ready to exploit it, but they did not begin the job. Or the thoughtless ignorance which marred our own counsels even when they were fairly conceived? Not quite that either. In the main it was the Prime Minister's incapacity to say "No" to a demagogue. At the most critical period of the Conference the tub-thumpers got his ear and held it while it perpetrated this mischief. Now he repents, and tries to undo it. If his reaction does not come too late, he will gather allies as he goes. Public opinion will support him. The notion that the Army wants to drag Hindenburg before a Franco-British court-martial is a misunderstanding of the soldier's mind. The idealists who would arraign war, and tear its filthy ensigns out of the people's heart, are merely disgusted by this hypocritical act of war-vengeance. The moderates are equally hostile. "I do not want to give Germany a diplomatic victory," said one of the best heads amongst them to me. These men feel the vital need of keeping the German Republic alive, and they would go far in resisting French pressure to procure its destruction. But who can hope for its life against such a crippling blow at its self-respect? And who will guarantee that the first reaction will not be to throw Germany into the arms of Russia?

WHAT of the Coalition, now facing, with many tremors, its second, and perhaps its last, session, and what of its distinguished chief? Mr. George's position is a delicate one; but it holds. Mr. Garvin, indeed, thinks he is tired; and (cruel to be kind) suggests a Napoleonic retreat to Elba. Lord Northcliffe would doubtless prefer a more permanent rest-cure in St. Helena. But though the world may be as tired of Mr. George as it was of the illustrious performer of Waterloo, I question whether Mr. George is tired of the world. Doubtless our Napoleon the Less is not so obviously master of his destinies as he used to be. But he may yet win a battle or two—did not Ligny come before Waterloo?—and if he has lost the European campaign, he can still give Sir Donald Maclean a lesson in debate and Mr. Adamson in political strategy. And to do him justice, he seems to have started on a course which, if he can maintain it against Northcliffeism, should give him employment for the next year or so as a moderator of the Treaty he helped to mar. If he is embarrassed, he will strike. If he loses Toryism, he must go. If Labor visibly eats up his majority, he will be driven on to an election. And if he sees a specially good chance of disabling his chief rival (as over nationalization, on which he has already joined battle), he will face it. But if he can keep industry going, restrict taxation, maintain a formal majority in Parliament, suppress Mr. Churchill, and hold

back the French from completing the European ruin they have begun, I see no proximate end to his Government.

It is no good news that Mr. Balfour succeeds Lord Curzon as our representative at the Council of the League of Nations. To what good end is Mr. Balfour's negative intelligence, and tired, unenterprising temper, likely to conduct the policy of this country? A true leader he never was, but I suppose there was a time when he could be said to throw out a light of critical suggestion. That period is long past. I have heard most of the personalities who moved across the stage of Paris described in varying terms of praise or blame. I heard but one voice of censure of Mr. Balfour's failure of will, of constructive intelligence, of application and thoroughness. Did he ever stick to anything? For the Prime Minister to propose such a man for what is essentially a work of exploration in politics, is to show either that he does not believe in the League of Nations or that he has not framed a mental picture of the difficulties it will encounter.

THE story of the Indian atrocities gets worse and worse. But it is so much to the good that we are getting the documents, for now we have these people confessing, and in time we shall get to know what they have to confess. Look at the admissions in Sir Michael O'Dwyer's letter to the "Times." He admits (1) that the crawling order was "a serious misuse of authority"; (2) that Dyer's Proclamation, forbidding the meeting in the Jalianwala Bagh was only made on the same day on which it took place, so that, as the Report of the Punjab Government implicitly admits, many of the natives present, being mere spectators, and coming from a distance, could not have known of the prohibition; (3) that Dyer was accompanied by a Superintendent of Police, so that his excuse that he could not attend to the wounded is of no validity, for the police officer could have at once reported that hundreds of wounded men, women, and children were lying in the open and requiring immediate attention; (4) that he received, on the morning of the 14th, a very hasty report of the massacre, giving, let me remark, a false estimate of the number of killed, and that General Beynon telephoned to him the substance of Dyer's report.

It is obvious that Parliament should at once call for the publication of these documents and messages. I note that Sir Michael O'Dwyer describes the Punjab as being in a state of "open rebellion." Is this statement true, and, if so, why is it true? If the Punjab was in a state of violent unrest, its state of mind was due to two causes, Sir Michael's hostility to the reforms and the Rowlatt Act. And if it was actually rebellious, how was it that, a few days before the outbreaks at Amritsar and elsewhere, Sir Michael described it as absolutely loyal to British rule? "I am glad," he said on April 8th, "I am leaving the Punjab even more loyal supporters of the Government than ever before." Not much "open rebellion" there.

A WELL-KNOWN Liberal correspondent sends me from Paisley an interesting note or two on the Asquith campaign:—

"Mr. Asquith conducted his campaign with great energy. It was the hardest electoral battle of his career, and he fought it with a courtesy and serenity of temper that won admiration from friend and foe. The Paisley

\* Constable.



programme which he unfolded in a series of masterly speeches is admirable on the critical side, but weak constructively. There is hardly an oriflamme here. Mr. Asquith is strongly in favor of a special tax on war-made fortunes, and does not reject a general levy on capital, only asking: "Is it expedient, would it be practicable?" He pressed for Dominion Home Rule for Ireland, and looks to the League of Nations to bring about progressive disarmament. On the need for revision of the German and Austrian peace terms he spoke with passionate conviction, and no one who heard the finest of his election speeches will forget his moving treatment of the theme that the world is one, and we are members one of another. He is out of sympathy with the new economics, and to nationalization of the mines he was adamant. The influence of the old individualism is still powerful over Mr. Asquith's mind. But he wants Labor to have a share with capital in the control of what he called their 'joint adventure.'

My correspondent adds:—

"After a week's campaigning Mr. Asquith, helped by his brilliant daughter, had made a great impression. At the end of the first week the Labor workers were much depressed. Then came a Labor revival. It began with the decision of the United Irish League to support Mr. Biggar; it was strengthened by three trenchant speeches from Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, deepened by a profoundly moving speech by Mr. Smillie. Up to the close of the poll Labor men were very confident. They had certainly much to encourage them, above all things the growing solidarity among the working classes. Still, after careful and dispassionate examination on the spot, I am of opinion that Mr. Asquith will win by a small majority. But the possibility of a Labor victory must not be excluded. Accurate prediction is out of the question, because of the difficulty of ascertaining how the 16,000 women on the register will cast their votes. Great efforts were made by Labor and the Tories to create prejudice against Mr. Asquith on account of his former antagonism to women's suffrage. No one can tell what effect these efforts may have had.

"Three things struck me at Paisley: (1) the universal detestation of the Churchillian policy in Russia; (2) the general acceptance of Free Trade; (3) the intense interest in the housing problem.

"Mr. Asquith's policy is sound, but it is not inspiring. His demeanor in 'this dark and difficult adventure' was irreproachable. 'He nothing trivial did or mean upon that memorable scene.'"

THE Government were wise to let the Sinn Féin demonstration in the Albert Hall pass, for behind its storm-cloud of revolt there were hints and gleams of a way of reconciliation. It was an extremely pretty sight, the flags and the green dresses of the stewardesses (is that the right word to use?), as well as their good looks, made a charming variety of the Albert Hall meeting; and what with the music and the color, it revealed something of the poetry of Ireland, as well as her political passion. The most notable speech was Mr. Arthur Griffith's. It was dour and hard, with no pretence at rhetoric; but a thing to hear for its sombre statement of Ireland's griefs. I could not but listen intently to every word of it. Its important feature was the speaker's charge against an Irish official of association with "Parnellism and Crime." His allegations were entirely new to me, though I followed the Parnell case pretty closely, so that I could not judge their merits; but considering this official's position in Ireland they were of gravity, and ought to be definitely challenged in Parliament. The most amiable thing which Mr. Griffith said was a half-tender of friendship to this country on her consent to an Irish Republic.

COMRADES in the battle for the "dockers' tanner" (in which I bore a small part) must have felt their blood flow a little quicker as they read Mr. Bevin's speech for the prosecution of that old offender, the British dock director. But the impression it made on

those who heard it was greater still. "I never heard so fine a forensic effort," said a lawyer of distinction to me. I am told that its author once drove a coster's barrow; certain it is that twenty years ago such subtle, informed, and powerful advocacy would have seemed inconceivable, save, perhaps, from the ranks of a rich and organized industry like the miners. But we are living in a new world. At last the passion for knowledge and the instinct for culture have thoroughly reached the workmen. Their kingdom has come, and they mean to be kings in it. Their educational zeal has already turned them into buyers, not of the gaudy trash of the bookstalls, but largely of scientific work. Thus a publisher told me that he had sold 40,000 volumes of a scientific book published at a high figure (43s.), and that the majority of these customers came from the artisans. I fancy the dealers in imaginative and philosophic literature are beginning to make the same discovery. In Soviet Russia the demand for serious literature has crushed out the frivolities. Nor is the Russian love of knowledge the fruit of leisure. Industrial Russia is probably the hardest-worked organism in Europe. It is simply a new and passionate movement of man's intelligence.

I do not know how the account stands between Red and White Terrorists in Russia, but I imagine that in Hungary a pretty handsome balance stands to the credit of the Whites. A good British observer thought that in all 5,000 people had been slain since the present parties—with "Christian Socialism" as their base—displaced Bela Kun, whose administration is not formally charged with more than about 250 murders, mainly of "counter-revolutionaries." It is true that most of these victims were not governmental. They were the work of the organization of White officers, at whose bidding a crowded prison was emptied of suspects, after the manner of the September massacres. These hapless creatures were first flogged with steel wires and then shot. A hunt is now being conducted for everybody who can be charged with the smallest connection with Communist rule. As for the elections, the Red papers are suppressed, and most of the Red candidates are in prison, so that the results may be less mathematically accurate than might be obtained under a careful system of proportional representation. The aim of the dominant party is towards a Regency, to be followed by a Constitutional King—preferably a boy who will be nursed in the White tradition till his education (and the public opinion of Europe) are ripe for the change.

At last after opening its columns to every kind of flighty extravagance about Bolshevism, the "Times" has begun to talk sense about it. Obviously the article in Thursday's issue called "In Bolshevik Russia" is of real quality; and I should subscribe to a good deal of it. It declares Bolshevism to be a tyranny, which I imagine it is; but describes its steady ascent to efficiency and to a measure at least of tolerance. Thus it cultivates opinion, puts down criminality in its party and in the Red armies, which it has regenerated, attracts the *intelligentsia*, has given the peasant the land, the workman some mastery of the factory (subject to forced labor); has abolished theft and litigation with private property, and is steadily suppressing civil war. Its political character is that of a "soulless machine," yet on the whole Russia has gained in contentment by exchanging King Stork for King Log. Well, that is a fair

picture of Russian Jacobinism. It is a hard form of Socialism, at present untempered by democracy, and therefore not likely to attract the peoples of the West. Why in Heaven's name could not the "Times" have said this before, instead of painting a stage dragon for the chawbacons of Mayfair to gape at? The country might then have had a chance of saving its soul over Russia—as well as a hundred millions of its money.

I DON'T know where Mr. Bush proposes to plant his American sky-scraper (he could not have a much better site than Aldwych), but if he is going to give us anything as beautiful as the Bush Terminal Building in New York, he will put London greatly in his debt. To my mind the Bush Building is the most perfect example of its class. It is lovely by day, lovelier by night, when its gem-like crown queens it over the proudest of the city's monuments. The structure and design of the tower, through its long ascent of thirty storeys, are of the simplest; a couple of courses of bricks relieves the monotony of surface and color, and a delicate tracery of windows and open stonework does the rest. It looks so light and is so solid, has dignity and strength, with a touch and suggestion of exquisite fragility. Having so lovely an ornament and so mighty a temple of business, London would never again rest content with the squat designs, the rococo ornament, the waste of priceless ground, which disfigure and nullify her architecture.

THE humor of the chance assortment (writes a friend) of names which to the public are those of "famous" journalists has no amusement except for other pressmen. How many Liberals whose opinions of the events in Ireland during the past ten years have grown out of the information communicated to the "Manchester Guardian" by its "Special Correspondent" in Dublin and Belfast, have ever heard of Mr. George Leach? But when some of us who knew Leach and his work were shocked by the news of his sudden death in Dublin last week, what we chiefly regretted was not the loss of a man whose knowledge, cool wit, and judgment, had done much to compensate for us the stupidity of a world given to violence, but that the public had lost an energetic and trustworthy young servant whose name it did not even know. George Leach was certainly and deservedly famous, but only in his own profession. Irishmen—he himself was a Lancashire man—have every reason to be grateful to him. His knowledge of the faults in characteristic Irish politicians, and the mistakes they make, expressed with a pleasant irony which made even his Irish friends and the revolutionists cry out at his vivisection of hidden nerves, delighted them when, with more deadly craft and purpose, it was used on Dublin Castle and Ulster Hall. It was an entertainment to watch Leach, in the company of Irish politicians full of their subject, gradually and cunningly come into action (his cool tactics were diabolical) with a weight of masked political lore which was deadly in the accuracy of its aim. His acute observation, never disturbed by hurry and uproar, his knowledge of history and of law, aided by a memory that was ready at a moment's notice with abundant evidence in detail, and expressed with an inconsequence that was merely a disarming feature of his satiric intent, besides its effect upon Liberal opinion through the pages of the "Manchester Guardian," had not a little influence on his English colleagues in maintaining in them a respect for their craft.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE EPIC OF TRAGIC HISTORY.

"A PANORAMIC show" was Thomas Hardy's own description of his great work, when he published the first part of it seventeen years ago. "Readers will readily discern," he said in his Preface, "that 'The Dynasts' is a play intended simply for mental performance, and not for the stage." He urged that his method secured a freedom of treatment that was denied where the material possibilities of stagery had to be rigorously remembered. He doubted whether mental performance might not eventually be the fate of all drama other than that of contemporary or frivolous life. But he admitted that a practicable compromise was conceivable. "It might take the shape," he wrote, "of a monotonous delivery of speeches, with dreamy conventional gestures, something in the manner traditionally maintained by the old Christmas mummers, the curious hypnotizing impressiveness of whose automatic style—that of persons who spoke by no will of their own—will be remembered by all who ever experienced it. Gauzes or screens to blear outlines might still further shut off the actual."

Such was the suggestion of the poet himself who, with such originality and laborious care, composed the greatest of English historical epics. The problem of staging the marvellous result is obviously one of extreme difficulty. The work runs to three volumes. It includes a multitude of characters, a large proportion historical. The scene shifts rapidly and repeatedly from land to land, and from earth to heaven or air. No unity of time or place is observed for more than a page or two.

How on any stage can one carry out such stage-directions as these (unless one takes the whole of present Europe as the stage)?

"The nether sky opens, and Europe is disclosed as a prone and emaciated figure. . . . The point of view then sinks downward through space, and draws near to the surface of the perturbed countries, where the peoples, distressed by events which they did not cause, are seen writhing, crawling, heaving, and vibrating in their various cities and nationalities."

Or as these, again:—

"The controlling Immanent Will appears therein" (i.e., in the atmosphere over a battlefield where the living masses of humanity have become transparent) "as a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms."

Certainly, it was no easy problem that confronted the Oxford players last Tuesday night in the "New Theatre," where, for the first time since the beginning of the war, the O.U.D.S. put a drama upon the stage. They tried to meet the problem by selecting only the most prominent scenes and episodes in the long struggle of the Napoleonic Wars. The original work is concerned only with the last ten years of it—from 1805 to 1815—and out of those ten years three main periods have been selected in Oxford to form the three acts of the drama. The first centres upon Trafalgar; the second upon Coruña (though it includes the abdication at Fontainebleau); the third upon Waterloo. Each act is composed of several scenes or tableaux, some of them as short as in a cinema film, and nearly all disjointed. The selection made was very much the same as in the version given in London by Mr. Granville Barker at the beginning of the war, when the representation of the whole theme was hardly endurable for poignancy. A few scenes appear to have been added, especially, perhaps, some of the Wessex peasant scenes. But the addition is hardly an improvement. We all love Thomas Hardy's peasants, but in this selection they rather overbalance the tragic side. Indeed, the comedy in the drama throughout appeared excessive when one remembered how overwhelming the tragedy of the real history was.

For consider what has been left out. There is not a word about the Russian campaign. Not a word of Moscow and the anguish of the retreat, so superbly sug-

gested in the original poem. Nor is there a word about Josephine and the Marie Louise marriage—perhaps the real turning-point in Napoleon's career, and the beginning of his soul's decline. Certainly that marriage was one of the reasons why the poet chose the title of "The Dynasts." And Austerlitz is left out, and Jena, and the great scenes with Alexander of Russia and with the Prussian Queen in Berlin. We could well have spared some of the Wessex peasants for one or two scenes like these. But one recognizes the great difficulty of selection. When "Faust" was performed in Weimar, it used to take all day, the theatre being filled and emptied three times—morning, afternoon, and night. "Faust" is in form the nearest parallel to "The Dynasts," for it is composed of episodes; it is partly lyrical, partly dramatic: and it ranges through earth and air. Perhaps the only way to perform "The Dynasts" with full effect would be to take three days over it—a volume a day. But the English are not such a patient race as the Germans, and we will not give time for so serious a business as an epic of tragic history.

In this epic of tragic history what was most wanting was the supernatural or spiritual side. The woman figures dressed in grey and seated one on either side of the stage could not fulfil the parts of those imagined tendencies which the poet has embodied in "The Ancient Spirit of the Years," "The Spirit of the Pitiees," the "Spirits Ironic and Sinister," "The Spirit of Rumor," "The Shade of the Earth," and "The Recording Angels." But to omit these is to omit the very soul of the poet's conception. He contemplates that emotionless and unhuman dominant Will, as we have seen, under the image of a brain-like network of currents and ejections, twitching, interpenetrating, entangling, and thrusting hither and thither the human forms. One cannot definitely say that it works with any purpose or design. One cannot even say, "It thinks, therefore it is." It appears to move, to change, to develop in time and in space, but it is doubtful whether even time and space are not illusions of the little maggots called mankind. As we read in the final songs of all the Spirits:—

"Semichorus I. of the Years (aerial music):  
'O Immanence, That reasonest not  
In putting forth all things begot,  
Thou build'st Thy house in space—for what?

Semichorus II.:  
O Loveless, Hateless!—past the sense  
Of kindly eyed benevolence,  
To what tune danceth this Immense?"

To these questions, so often asked from the time of Job down to this day, the poem supplies no answer. Unless, indeed, the very existence of that Spirit of the Pitiees is answer of a kind. The utterances of man, thus entangled and thrust hither and thither by that dark, dumb, Immanent Will, are dimly symbolized by the Spirits Ironic and Sinister on the one side, and the Spirit of the Pitiees on the other. To those questionings raised by the Spirits of the Years, man's Ironic Spirit can only reply:—

"For one I cannot answer. But I know  
'Tis handsome of our Pitiees so to sing  
The praises of the dreaming, dark, dumb Thing  
That turns the handle of this idle Show!"

In their turn the Pitiees ask if there is no hope that its blindness may break, its heart awake, its purpose in the end be revealed in loving kindness. Otherwise, if there is no hope, they call for extinction swift and sure. It is natural that a poet, himself shown in his works so full of pity for the sorrows of mankind, should find in the Pitiees—the human Pitiees—the one and only utterance that, in the old-fashioned sense of the word, we may call "divine." Here, if anywhere—here in a frail and unstable quality of the human soul—may lie that possible evidence of something different from the dumb, dark Thing—something that others have called "The Undying Fire," and sought to identify with a Spirit of Holiness as well as Pity, kindling in mankind the flame of his highest endeavor. Just one further ray of hope the Chorus (apparently the combined Chorus

of the Pitiees) allows us in the final verses of this incommensurable drama, which appeared, by the way, in the first number of THE NATION:—

"But—a stirring thrills the air  
Like to sounds of joyance there  
That the rages  
Of the ages  
Shall be cancelled, and deliverance offered from the  
darts that were,  
Consciousness the Will informing, till It fashion  
all things fair!"

These final lines were written in the autumn of 1907. Since then a war to which even the Napoleonic wars were hardly comparable has passed over the European world. Again vast armies have been seen by the Spirit of the Years crawling to and fro "like molluscs on a leaf." Again Kings and Emperors have sacrificed thousands of human lives to maintain or glorify their dynasties, and again the Dynasts have fallen and been swept away. Once again the noblest peoples and persons among mankind have been entangled and thrust hither and thither in the obscure currents and ejections of that brain-like network which, for want of a definite name, the poet calls the Immanent Will. The history in the drama is more than a century old, but the inner significance of it remains constant for to-day. We ourselves have seen its repetition in false diplomacy, in battles on sea and land, in the peninsular struggle on Gallipoli, in Verdun, in the campaign in Flanders, and in the 8th of August instead of the 18th of June. It was that inward parallel—that unaltered significance or vanity of human strife and disaster—which rendered the performance of "The Dynasts" during the war itself almost too poignant to be endured.

And now once more, as a century ago, plentiful voices of Spirits Sinister and Ironic are sounding from Paris, from Belgrade, from Bucharest, and in our own streets and Government offices. Once more, as in the drama, they cry, "Turn to the real!" They will hearken to no word of the higher hope, nor listen to the plea of mercy. Once more they laugh at talk about forgiveness, and in the Thing that turns the handle of this idle Show they discover naught but the sinister irony of themselves. Yet, hardly audible among these noisy voices, we detect the whisper of the Pitiees, pleading for suffering that seems "to sob in vain," finding in their very existence the one sign of hope, and looking with a tremulous confidence to "that mild-eyed Consciousness" which may stand beside the loom of life.

Such, one supposes, was the peculiar significance of "The Dynasts" performed in Oxford now. Some such thoughts were those that filled the minds of the crowded audience which at the conclusion of the first performance rose with one accord to acclaim the aged poet whose shy and shrinking figure—the delicate and sensitive face filled almost equally with the irony and the pity of the world—had been visible in the stalls.

#### EPSTEIN'S CHRIST.

THERE is much, and there is room for much, controversy as to who is our best painter; but there is none on the question who is our best sculptor. News editors, newspaper readers, *cognoscenti*—all apparently save that strange and unknown company which hands out the commissions for our public monuments—are in agreement that Epstein is—the real thing. The real thing, we say, because the common factor in this curious consensus of opinion is not so much an agreement on the merits of Epstein's sculpture as sculpture, as an acknowledgment that he makes upon all beholders an intense and definite impression.

Epstein, in short, has succeeded to the position of Rodin, in the sense that to the contemporary mind he is Sculpture. Gaudier-Brzeska, who might well have passed him in the race, is dead. Eric Gill, who had his supporters for a season, is hardly more than a stone-carver of unusual probity but not unusual imaginative power. Epstein alone is becoming a European figure on



his own merits, for we have to admit that Mestrovic owed his elevation largely to the accident of a European war.

Epstein, then, is Sculpture to the modern world. That is a very good thing for the world, for Epstein is an artist through and through, and for the world to be impressed by an artist, no matter how, is a good thing. I do not doubt that more people will go to the Leicester Galleries to see a new Christ than will go to see a new Epstein. But surely that is how it was in the brave days of old, in those impassioned epochs of art which we are always in danger of regarding as animated by the exclusiveness of a modern Fitzroy Street. The point is that several hundreds (perhaps even thousands) of people who will go to see a Christ will come away with the shock of recognition that, although they had never imagined such a Man of Sorrows, this strange embodiment of a traditional figure has impressed them deeply. So they will discover, though not in these terms, what Art can do; and they may feel, however vaguely, that civilization itself depends, not on wealth or victories, but on the possibility of achievements like Epstein's Christ.

We may leave aside æsthetic criticism of the figure while we consider, from this angle, what its creation has involved. It has involved precisely the activity on which all ideal civilization depends, the examination of tradition. I observe that Epstein has allowed himself to say to an interviewer: *Chacun a son Christ*. Unfortunately it is not true. Millions of people have somebody else's Christ, which is equivalent to no Christ at all; just as millions of people have somebody else's justice, or patriotism, or democracy, or Mr. Lloyd George. I believe it to be true that almost as few people make up their minds about Christ as about Einstein's theory. It is one of the things they leave to other people. All the important things are. Christ is as familiar and as unreal as liberty.

And yet if one is to make up one's mind about life, one must make it up about Christ. I do not mean that we must decide whether or not he was the Son of God—that may come afterwards—but we must decide whether he was the world's greatest man. Was he a failure? What is the true meaning of "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Are they or are they not the most fearful, agonizing words that were ever drawn from human lips, the break of the world's greatest heart, the shattering of the sublimest and most human faith ever conceived by the spirit of man? And if they are, is it better to be broken thus on the wheel of reality? Such questions are urgent to the life of man, of which Christ is a supreme exemplar. And Epstein's "Christ" is there to remind the world that it is always the artist who faces them. That is worth remembering.

Epstein's "Christ" is a man, austere, ascetic, emaciated, having no form or comeliness. He is a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. There is pain, bodily agony, not merely in the gesture with which he points to the torn flesh of his outspread hand, but in the poise of his proud, unseeing head. If he has risen from the dead, he rose as a man, by virtue of a tense and concentrated effort of the human will. Not by bodily strength. The weight and massiveness of this man are not in his limbs, not even in those large outspread hands and arms which are chiefly the symbol of his physical agony, but in the sharply cut, almost disdainful head. The head shows—or shows to me—that this Christ has suffered as a man and triumphed as a man. It has the gesture of assertion, not of surrender. I will not wait to argue with those who scent a paradox and demur that the man could not have risen from the dead. They have to learn that an artist uses symbols with mastery; he is their sovereign, not their slave. What Epstein had to express was the nature of the man who knew every second of his agony and disillusion. The man of reality swoons under the pain, gives up the ghost; but art can envisage a man who remains fully a man under suffering intolerable. This is a Christ-Prometheus.

This, at least, is my own reading of the figure, which gives me a standard by which to criticize it, though indeed there is little criticism to make. Yet it may appear that Epstein's emphasis is, in regard to the suffering, excessively physical. It is hyper-criticism, I

know, when I consider the manner in which he has avoided all the melodrama of pain. But there is a suggestion of the stylite martyr, the gaunt and fanatical hermit, about the figure which, to some of us who are willing to risk being dismissed as sentimentalists, is less than adequate to the man of spiritual agony. Is there any chance of insulting a nation if we say that it is, after all, a Jewish Christ, and not the Christ of the Western World? "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" never came from this man's lips. He plumbed the depths of bodily pain, but not of spiritual disillusion.

And here we may find a sufficient clue to our reaction to the rest of the remarkable works which are being shown at the Leicester Galleries. There has been no such masterly realistic sculpture in England, in Europe even, for years. All that a consummate apprehension of the physical object, and a superb skill in rendering it, can do Epstein has done in these portrait busts. The modelling is extraordinary. To sit to Epstein is to assure oneself of a physical immortality. So much is certain. Yet one feels that the unique "Portrait of a Lady" in which the insistence upon the formal element is such that it has something of the air of a caricature may have a more lasting excellence. Not because it is more formal and turns the mind to Chinese work whose force the years have not weakened, but because the more amazing triumphs of his pure realism may lack some final excellence of their own, the impress of a sensitiveness that is not solely physical.

Epstein is able to catch the equipoise of correspondence between the physical and the spiritual in his models at moments. The calm beauty of "Nan (No. 3)" is evidence of that. But the moments seem to come seldom. Of the rest of the busts one may say with complete conviction that their models were like that, but not that they were that. Take the human being at his most physical and Epstein will give a rendering before which criticism is merely vocal admiration. There are four studies of a baby which are the very culmination of the modeller's art in finding plastic equivalents for textures. But the human being who has begun to inhabit his body as a sojourner, identical with it only for fleeting seconds, seems loth to deliver himself up to Epstein's keeping. And indeed the soul would be none too safe in his hands, which are those of a ruthless craftsman, an artist of impassioned and dominating, yet somehow constrained and limited conceptions.

It is for this reason that we return to ask whether, although it is good for the world that Epstein should be Sculpture for it, it is good for Epstein? Here is an artist who, in addition to a technical mastery unequalled in our age, has a powerful and original genius, a genius which by its own limitations seems superbly fitted for the constraint and mastery of stone. Should he be side-tracked into portraiture by the necessity of having to fill a rôle? Here is a man of whom it could safely be said that were he given a Pyramid to decorate, his work would have congruity and significance. Let him then carve our monuments, and leave to others the task of immortalizing the *houris* of the hour. Others have time to wait for conjunctures of soul and body; Epstein has not. The service of a new Ozymandias calls him urgently.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### EVOLUTION AND REVOLUTION.

It is usual to ask whether evolution or revolution? The question signifies a harking back to the earliest conception of evolution, when it involved scarcely more than the idea of natural selection patiently waited for by the organism and accorded by the slow riddle of environment. When we have introduced the will to betterment battering at the gate of environment we are at once prepared to see in evolution a series of revolutions. It may be a long series of very small upheavals, like the series of explosions that sends a motor car on its smoothly purring journey, or there may have been big explosions like that of a shell that blows a house to pieces. In fact, long ago people saw that some of the big functional changes, like that of

the foot of a running animal to the paddle of a whale or the wing of a bird could scarcely have been effected by slow stages but must have come by large jerks. The whale would starve when it had lost its hand and not yet acquired its paddle.

There is the long, slow evolution, passive to the environment that makes for atrophy without compensation. By such gentle, pleasant slope went the dodo to uncommon obesity and disinclination to exercise. To what development of its peculiar talents it would have gone in the course of still longer ages is not known, because revolution and the red terror broke into its quiet home so suddenly that the dodo could not re-learn to fly before it was exterminated. The greater wonder to the evolutionist who builds on indefinite variation and the selection of the elements is such a transition as that from a lizard to an eagle. Perhaps the lizards first of all became ducks, then when there was not mud enough to go round, some were squeezed out and forced to become plover or what not, then others to become woodpeckers, crows, and finally hawks and eagles. Even this seems to fit a downward rather than an upward progress. Plovers are those that have failed as ducks, woodpeckers are superfluous plovers, and the eagle is an outcast crow. The best lizards have survived as such; a lesser lizard has lost its grip on the earth and fallen to the uttermost cloudy verge where it earns a precarious living as an eagle.

Better is the theory that from the lowest and earliest ranks of life pioneers have gone outwards and upwards, the force of will towards better things urging variation in the same ambitious direction, conquering the discouragement of environment or seizing on select points of it not seizable by the generality. Nobody who knows the conservativeness of species can fail to imagine the bad time that these pioneers must have had. The little peacock that first began to grow tail coverts of extra length and color was pecked and buffeted by its mother, mobbed by other members of the tribe and very lucky to escape with its life. It found some faithful female soul (faithless to the tribal tradition) who went with it into the wilderness and mothered chicks the dearest of which was the one that carried on father's peculiarity. The rabbit that first climbed trees or handled its food with its front paws, in sketchy anticipation of the future squirrel, was accounted mad by the other rabbits and perhaps died without leaving progeny. If it wished to survive it had to go very slowly indeed, in the manner of a Liberal or even a Whig, rather than a Radical, or perhaps it hid its peculiarities and honestly tried to suppress them, bottling them up for generations till they acquired such a head that with one explosive leap a new sept of semi-arboreal rabbits split from the old groundling family.

We have naturally better evidence of new forms of life by means of "sports" than of the slower form of evolution. The life of mankind has not been long enough to take note of the alleged usual leisurely process, and it is useless to expect that geological finds will supply evidence of more than a dozen jumps between the five-toed pre-Hyracotherium and the present horse. Man has seen the peach sport into a nectarine, one *cenothera* branch suddenly into half-a-dozen good varieties and an almost infinite number of grotesque forms sprout from the plain stock of the rock dove. We rashly conclude that these are exceptions induced by the artificial factor of domestication and maintain our belief, quite unfounded in experience, that the wild world has been fashioned by a process so slow and ill-defined as to differ not at all from the "chance" theory of the earliest Darwinians. We choose not to believe in the brave agony that the mole went through in its adventure as a perpetual miner or the optimism that made the bat flap and flap till it flew. The wrong we do them they can survive, but if we make of them a proof of the correctness of *laissez faire* in human institutions we may be laying up considerable trouble for ourselves.

"Go to the ant," said Solomon, "which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer and gathereth her food in the harvest." We had looked up the quotation first in the German, which says: "although indeed she has no prince, captain, or

lord," etc. We can see, more or less, how the ant lives to-day but not how she got to her present state of civilization. Had she once princes and lords, and did she get rid of them by revolution? Is the species habitually enslaved by the slave-maker ant, a tribe of spartaki that has not quite escaped from an ancient dominion of a closer kind? For the slave-makers are now under the necessity of raiding the independent nests of the slaves whenever they want a fresh supply of domestics. If they should raid some other kind of ant, carrying away their young, the spirit of independence would by now have grown so strong in them that they would not work for the raiders. Moreover, there must be many nests of the slave ant, *fusca*, that have never been attacked by the slave-owner, *sanguinea*. In England the first is very common, the other in most districts non-existent. Have the strikers exterminated the masters by the simple expedient of withdrawing their labor? If a nest of *sanguinea* should now be set down in northern England, would it succeed in enslaving our free-born *fusca*, or would the stubborn English spirit prove too much for it?

And how did the ants *Myrmicocystus* of South America and *Camponotus* of Australia independently hit upon the discovery of the capital levy? It seems that some nest was afflicted by individuals that preferred wealth to life, developing very large honey-crops which they begged the others to fill tight. Or had they some sort of "pull" on their fellows, compelling them to work hard at keeping them filled? Be it how it may, their abdomens grow now so huge that the rings of armor, continuous on the stomachs of ordinary citizens, are mere specks on their capacious globes. But these capitalists are no longer a shame and a menace to the community. Long ago, some revolutionary insisted that they should be tapped, and now that happens every time that the commonwealth has need of revenue. In times of plenty, the living honey-jars are crammed to the top of their pleasure (possibly beyond) and in hard times they are asked literally to "disgorge." Is private enterprise thereby discouraged? Do the emptied honey-pots immediately migrate to other nests where they expect to be treated with more consideration? Are there lesser honey-pots, disguised as ordinary citizens, practising a moderate amount of profiteering without being discovered, and do some of these incautiously blossom out into full-blown (apt word!) capitalists and so get nationalized without intending it? We cannot say. The underground galleries of an ant's nest do not easily give up their secrets. It is possible that Solomon did not know all that is to be known about ants. If he had, perhaps so wise and wealthy a monarch would not have put his pen to a statement that in the light of our present knowledge looks so much like Bolshevism.

## Letters to the Editor.

### A POLICY FOR IRELAND.

SIR,—I venture to submit for consideration the following Irish policy:—

(1) Give Ireland, less Ulster, Dominion Home Rule at once, including control of Customs and Excise, and exact no contribution to Imperial services. Leave that for Ireland to settle later on.

(2) Arrange for a Referendum to be held in the new Dominion in ten years' time in order to decide whether it shall remain within the Empire or become a separate Republic, and provide that any attempt by the Irish Legislature to set up a Republic prior to such Referendum shall cause a forfeiture of the constitution granted.

(3) Retain Ulster in her present status until the Referendum is held, and then, if the verdict is in favor of remaining within the Empire, incorporate her in the Dominion of Ireland, giving her such separate State rights as may be thought desirable. But if the decision is for a Republic, let Ulster join it or not as she likes.

In the present temper of Ireland and Irish America no



scheme will be looked at which does not admit in principle Ireland's right to a Republic if she wants one. But considering the abnormally exasperated feelings that now darken counsel among us Irishmen, there would be nothing unfair or unreasonable in interposing a period of ten years or so to allow passions to cool. It is extremely doubtful whether a decision taken now would express the settled will of the Irish people. Remove every excuse for anti-English agitation and things will change.

With regard to Ulster, it does seem to me that so long as the rest of Ireland is crying for a Republic, she can justly claim separate treatment on the principle of self-determination; but this is a principle which she is no longer entitled to call in aid, if Ireland is to remain within the British Imperial system. Ulstermen profess to be devoted to the traditions and polity of the Empire, and, if the Constitution set up in Ireland is in thorough consonance with those traditions and polity, I cannot see that they have any real claim to exclusion, when once Republicanism has been definitely renounced by the rest of the country.

On the other hand, the prospect of re-uniting Ireland would obviously operate strongly on the minds of Nationalist voters as a motive for remaining within the Empire.

I may add that in speaking of "Ulster," I mean geographical Ulster, and not some segment of it selected on racial, religious, or economic grounds by Peace Conference artists.—Yours, &c.,

FRANK MACDERMOT.

Brooks's, St. James's Street  
10th February.

#### "WHITEWASH."

SIR,—In H. W. M.'s article under above heading in which he gives his version of "the story of Amritsar" he actually omits all mention of the brutal murders of Europeans by the mob, which were the cause of all the subsequent punishments.

That omission shows that H. W. M. is merely a partizan with no pretensions of fairness in his criticisms.—Yours, &c.,

J. H. E. REID, Colonel.

52, Sedlescombe Road S., St. Leonards-on-Sea.

[The attacks on Europeans were, on the contrary, referred to, but they were notorious, and no detailed allusion to them was necessary in an article devoted to examining their causes and the apology of the Punjab Government. Colonel Reid speaks of the "subsequent punishments." Does he consider that the murder of five Europeans was properly "punished" by the slaughter of 290 unarmed civilians, and the wounding of hundreds of others, many of them admittedly spectators, and even children?—ED., THE NATION.]

#### "THE YOUNG IDEA."

SIR,—The interesting article under the above heading in your last issue states that: "In Cambridge . . . the Union supported the Senate of the United States in its demand for a revision of the Peace Treaty." As this statement may be open to misconception, I hope I may be allowed to state that, in fact, the Union "deplored the action of the U.S. Senate in regard to the Peace Treaty" by 227 votes to 115. Practically the whole debate centred, however, on the question whether that action was likely to strengthen the League of Nations or not. I have no doubt that, if a debate took place on the actual merits of the Treaty, it would be condemned by an overwhelming majority. As for the League of Nations, when championed by Lord Robert Cecil last term it triumphed by 723 votes to 280.

As regards the strength of parties in the Union, perhaps the most remarkable feature is the support which advanced Radical and Labor motions receive. Even the Capital Levy was only narrowly defeated last term; and last week, when Liberals and Conservatives joined to defeat Mines Nationalization, their majority only numbered some 40 odd votes.

I am, if I may say so, in hearty agreement with your contributor when he suggests that the experience of war is mainly responsible for the change in youth; but it may be added that youth is, so to speak, older in years as well as

in experience. I myself, a mere "Fresher," would now have been in my third year had I come straight up from school. And some men in my "year" are 26 and 27 years of age.—Yours, &c.,

AN UNDERGRADUATE EX-SOLDIER.

February 9th, 1920.

#### "THE SONG OF ROLAND."

SIR,—In THE NATION for January 31st, which has just reached me, I find that a generous reviewer makes for a very faulty book of mine the allowance that I did the work "mostly in France and Belgium as a soldier." I am afraid that this is quite inaccurate; in my note to the "Song of Roland" I disclaimed all pretence to scholarship in Old French, &c., but I should even more emphatically disclaim the title of a "Soldier-Poet." The first two hundred lines of my translation, which differ from the rest in style, and follow the original less closely, were translated in the summer of 1918 in rare leisure moments in the War Office; in October the original and my small manuscript went with me to Montreuil, where no leisure was, and remained there and at Lille for six months. But if thirty lines were translated in France, and very roughly, that is all. The book was taken up again in June, 1919, in London, and finished by Michaelmas. I explained this in a note to the book, as the first 200 lines had been quite freely circulated in the summer of 1918, and I felt obliged to account for the non-appearance of the book for more than a year afterwards.

Your reviewer also says, with some truth, that I lead my proper names rather a dance, and cites Guenes, Guenès, Guene, and Gue. He might have added Guenelun, sign of an oblique case in the original, as Rollant from Rollanz; all these I have been inclined to use *metri gratia*. But not Gue, no! That *mutilé* on page 128 of my book is the unique and unaided error of the Westminster Press, who, after all proofs had been corrected, were inspired to substitute "Sonés fell Gue" for "So Guenés fell." As this occurs in the last lines of a poem throughout which no person, place, or thing called "Sonés" is mentioned, I assumed that any reader sufficiently interested to be puzzled by the text would be clever enough to make the emendation, which, however, I have to thank your reviewer for letting me now make public. Your own printer, by the way, has led the names rather a dance before giving you "King Marsilin" and "Sarscaguee." It was Sarraque (mod. Saragossa) that Marsile or Marsilies was king of.

In conclusion, may I call attention to the opinion expressed several times by Mr. John Masefield, in the course of a lecture to the Students' Christian Movement, that the "Song of Roland" cannot be translated.—Yours, &c.,

C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF.

136, Ebury Street, S.W. 1.

#### ITALY AND THE SOUTH TYROL.

SIR,—As there have been no comments on the letter "Italy and the South Tyrol" in your issue of January 31st, I may perhaps ask on what grounds your correspondent, L. Re-Bartlett, suggests that "the revolt of Andreas Hofer, far from having a national character, was no more really than a revolt against the French and Bavarians. . . . What the Tyrolese really wanted at this time—and still want—is *autonomy*."

The revolt was organized by Baron Hormayr in Vienna where Hofer, a deputy for his Passeier Valley, a leader of volunteers and a man of some standing, went in 1808. When Austrian troops marched on Innsbruck early in 1809 slips of paper were distributed all over the country: "In the name of the Archduke John. The time has come." The Archduke John was the younger brother of the Emperor Francis; but it was all for "our good Emperor Francis." When Innsbruck had been taken a deputation went to Vienna to implore the Emperor not to make peace before the Tyrol and Vorarlberg had been reunited with his monarchy. In spite of Napoleon's victory at Aspern (May 20th and 22nd, 1809), the insurrection was for a time successful, and Hofer was nominated Commander-in-Chief and Administrator, and was presented with a golden chain by the Emperor. But



the peace of Schönbrunn (October, 1809) divided Tyrol between the Bavarians and French. The guerilla war dragged on, until Hofer was captured and shot by the French at Mantova on February 20th, 1810. In 1823 Hofer's remains were transferred to the Court church at Innsbruck, where Hofer's monument faces that of the Emperor Maximilian. Would the reactionary Francis have honored a man who fought for *autonomy*?—Yours, &c.,

H. B.

### THE LEAGUE'S FIRST CASE.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Justitia" does me less than justice if he assumes that I place the case of Tacna and Arica before the cases of Egypt, India, and Ireland. But he must know that, unfortunately, the terms of the League, as they are at present, preclude the discussion of these cases while they do not preclude the settlement of the Pacific problem. It was for this reason that I described this as the first case for the League, and I think that "Justitia" must agree that if we cannot get all the big wrongs righted, a spirit of consistency should not prevent us from urging the righting of the smaller wrongs.

As a fact, this dispute has embittered South American international relations for thirty years, and we should therefore do our utmost to get it settled. This does not affect our conception of the magnitude of the other wrongs.

Further, if "Justitia" will look into the circumstances of this case he will find, I venture to predict, that it is not a subject on which there can be "honest difference of opinion."—Yours, &c.,

ANDREW BOYLE.

February 9th, 1920.

### POLAND AND THE NEXT WAR.

SIR,—Perhaps the following description is not without interest as a revelation of the relations between Poland and the Allies on one hand, Poland and the next war on the other, and Poland as her rulers would have her. The special correspondent at Warsaw of the "Journal de Genève" writes as follows (1st ed., Jan. 22nd, "Journal de Genève") :—

"The young army has been reorganized in six months, with the aid of six hundred French officers as instructors. . . . The new-born army has revived the heroic traditions of its ancestors, dead for the independence of Poland. Steeped in her glorious past, at the dawn of her resurrection, Poland remakes her army in the midst of sufferings and privations, and sends it forth, straight and strong, superbly disciplined, in the supreme struggle for the grandeur of the country. As M. Patek, the new Minister for Foreign Affairs, has so well expressed it . . . 'The patriotism of the youth of Poland has been accumulating in secret for long years. To-day it has burst forth and is overflowing on all sides. Surrounded by countries either in full anarchy or whose armies have broken up of themselves, Poland has remained in the East an impregnable stronghold of order, thanks to the *moral* of her soldiers. It would be a crime to rob our troops of the source of their strength—their magnificent *moral*.'"

"This is what M. Patek has gone to call to the attention of London. Let us hope that the Entente will understand the words of the Polish Minister.

"Major Boldeskul, of the General Staff, has also spoken to me with admiration of this enthusiasm, this *moral*, this discipline, this bravery of the army. All of the young men, from twenty to thirty years of age, are under arms. The army, in all its formations, is strong. Now, after the successive retreats of Yudenitch, of Koltchak, of Denikin it stands alone against the red bands of Lenin and Trotsky. It holds at this moment a front of 1,000 kilometres from the Dvina to the Dniestre. It is the living wall between the bloody madmen of Petrograd and Socialist-Communist Germany. It is mounting guard, in the words of M. Clemenceau. Poland has enough brave and good soldiers. What she asks of the Entente—who beyond doubt owe it to her—is effective aid in munitions, in arms, in equipment, and in raw materials for her industries.

" . . . This heroism is also found in the women and children. . . . This savage patriotism has been shown in an intense fashion by the children. They tried to enlist in masses, in order, as they said, to go and avenge their dead fathers."

There is no need to believe that this is a picture of Poland as she is, and no probability that the Polish soldier—let alone his wife and children—resembles the bloodthirsty adventurers sketched here. Indeed, to anyone at all familiar

with the technique of propaganda—which is, the more the facts are against you, the heavier the barrage of lies you must put up—all this insistence on the splendid *moral* of the Polish troops is highly suggestive.

The point is that this is Poland as her present chiefs imagine her—these are the dreams and visions with which the Dmowskis stuff their brains; and this is the portrait that pleases the French friends and inspirers of Poland—the living wall, mounting guard for M. Clemenceau on a thousand-mile front between the Dvina and the Dniestre (i.e., hundreds of miles from any place where a Polish army has any business to be!).

This is the country whom we shall be called upon to succor in a few weeks, when her truculence (largely made in Paris) has got her into serious trouble. She will then be painted to us as a peaceful, democratic little country, wantonly attacked by the wicked Bolsheviks. When the time comes for this particular brand of propaganda to be trotted out, let us remember this picture of Poland as her rulers would have her.—Yours, &c.,

"LEST WE FORGET."

January 24th, 1920.

### ANGLO-CHINESE FRIENDSHIP.

SIR,—Mr. Macartney's communication that the question of allocation of the Boxer Indemnity for educational purposes in China has been taken up will be read with great pleasure by the Chinese in this country as well as in China. But as even so sympathetic a friend as Mr. Macartney evidently does not know what America has done with her share of the indemnity, a few words on this subject may not be unneeded.

It is ten years since America magnanimously renounced her share of the booty. In 1910 the United States Government approached the Chinese Government, by her own initiative, with a view to discontinue the further payment of the indemnity, and the Chinese Government, out of gratitude, resolved to use the money to send a certain number of students every year to the American Universities. Since then the flow of students has been steadily going on, like an ever-widening stream. Thousands have studied in America and gone back. They are found in the front rank in every walk of life. They are the leaders of all new movements—political, industrial, literary, and scientific. They occupy most of the chairs in colleges and Universities, and mould the minds of young China with American ideas and culture.

As an instance of their importance, three out of the five Chinese delegates at the Paris Peace Conference, including the justly praised Dr. Wellington Koo and Mr. C. T. Wang, were, not many years ago, students in the American Universities, though they were too early to be benefited by the renunciation of the indemnity.

Friendship is made and strengthened through understanding. Who can better promote understanding, who can better interpret his national ideals to another nation and so introduce the ideals and knowledge of that nation to his own than a student in a foreign country? It is he who is best fitted to blend the social inheritance of one people with that of another. It is he who will bridge the gulf between the East and the West, who must meet if the world is to be one.

America has sown, and she has reaped. The bond between her and China is now a strong one, and is ever increasing in strength and depth. It is not to be wondered at when we remember that at this moment there are three thousand Chinese students in her 'Varsities, compared with a mere hundred or so in this country. America's share of the indemnity is only 7 per cent. of the total, while that of Great Britain is nearly 16 per cent. What cannot Great Britain do if only she is willing?

Mr. Macartney thinks that "the position is not an easy one in view of the attitude whether right or wrong, of China, our Ally, respecting the Peace Treaty." We all regret the position, but we must remember that China was forced into it, that she could not do otherwise. That China was most unfairly dealt with is admitted by everyone. That the whole Chinese nation felt and rose against the injustice is common knowledge. Even so, she had gone very far out of her way in order to get some sort of compromise,

but such was refused to her. In the evening of June 28th, 1919, the Chinese Delegation issued a statement giving the reason of her inability to sign the Treaty, but very few papers gave it publicity, and it is little known. As it is too long to quote in full I shall give here an extract:—

"What the Chinese Delegates first proposed to do was merely to write in the Treaty over their signatures the words: 'Subject to the reservation made at the Plenary Session of May 6th, 1919, relative to the question of Shantung (Arts. 156, 157, and 156).'"

When this insertion was refused the Chinese Delegation proposed to make the reservation an annex to the Treaty. On this being refused, they proposed to send to the President of the Conference, before proceeding to Versailles, a separate declaration in writing to the effect that the Chinese plenipotentiaries would sign the Treaty subject to the reservation of May 6th, which was intended to enable China, after the signing of the Treaty, to ask for the re-consideration of the Shantung question. This, again, was refused, and the refusal was explained on the ground that the Supreme Council had decided to admit no reservation of any kind in the text of the Treaty, or separately, before it was signed, but that the Delegation could send him a declaration after its signature.

"As the validity of a declaration made after the signing of the Treaty would be doubtful, the Delegation urged the right of making one in advance of it; but out of deference to the decision of the Council to admit no reservations whatever, it proposed a further modification of the wording, so that the signing of the Treaty by the Chinese plenipotentiaries might not be understood as precluding China from asking at a suitable moment for the re-consideration of the Shantung question. This proposal, to the surprise of the Delegation, was once again refused.

"After failing in all these earnest attempts at conciliation, and after seeing every honorable compromise rejected, the Chinese Delegation had no course open to them except to adhere to the path of duty to their country."

—Yours, &c.,

L. Y. CHEN.

48, Orlando Road, S.W. 4.

P.S.—A small pamphlet, entitled "The Boxers' Indemnity and Education," dealing with "Why China claims to cancel the outstanding indemnity and how she will use it," was issued last year by the Central Union of Chinese Students in Great Britain and Ireland, 36, Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C. I am sure the Secretary of the Union will be only too glad to send copies to anyone who is interested in the question.

#### THE BRITISH EMPIRE UNION

SIR,—So many different points are raised in your interesting article "The New Salvationists," some of which have no direct connection with the work of the British Empire Union, that reply is difficult; but perhaps you will allow me to state, briefly, the case for the Union.

I do not quite understand why either the success of Captain Parsons's campaign in Yorkshire or the fact that such campaigns cost money should be so especially sneered at. The campaigns carried on by both the moderate and extremist sections of Labor also cost money—a great deal more money than those by the Union, seeing that £2,000 a day was stated by Mr. Bernard Shaw to have been devoted to press propaganda during the Railway Strike, while the Union tries to do its work in each large area on £50 a week. All Labor campaigns, as reported in the Labor Press, are brilliantly successful; no differences of opinion ever arise, except sometimes among the missionaries themselves.

Surely, Sir, even if you yourself believe in theospel of Karl Marx, you cannot object that those who are convinced that Marxism would mean the destruction of our nation and our Empire should endeavor to show the workers the other side of the case and should raise funds to enable this to be done.

With regard to your suggestion that our real enemy is the Labor Party, that, I can assure you, is not the case. What the Union is out to combat is the revolutionary section of Labor, which is, unfortunately, in danger of sweeping along with it the constitutional section—a most regrettable fact.

Mr. Smillie, you suggest, thinks we should have a better world if the nation owned the mines; but that by no means exhausts Mr. Smillie's views. Mr. Smillie also thinks we should have a better world if we had a Soviet instead of Parliamentary Government. As to the "tradition of plunder," Mr. Smillie's idea is, I understand, that there might be a compassionate allowance in the case of very impoverished royalty owners and some inadequate compensation in the case of colliery shareholders, thereby providing an interesting parallel with the seizure of the property of the monasteries to which you refer, for small allowances were granted in many cases to the dispossessed monks.

With regard to the bad housing in many mining districts, we are altogether at one with Mr. Smillie in his demand that these conditions should be rectified, while not entirely in agreement with his remedies. The housing question is a national problem, and must be dealt with on national lines. State assistance is no doubt necessary; but it would surely not be unfair that where workers are receiving as high wages as some miners—not all, of course—we are glad to say do receive, they should not expect a large proportion of the cost of their houses to be paid by an already over-taxed and debt-burdened country.

A great deal of attention has been paid to the income-tax concession, mentioned in our circular. This is granted owing to our work as a trade protection society for the furtherance of British trade; it is in no way a political concession.—Yours, &c.,

REGINALD WILSON,

General Secretary.

British Empire Union, 346, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

February 3rd, 1920.

#### VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£	s.	d.
Messrs. W. R. Snow & Co. ... ..	20	0	0
Mrs. Curry ... ..	5	0	0
B. R. ... ..	1	0	0
F. A. M. ... ..	1	0	0
"Spem Valley" ... ..	10	6	
R. R. G. ... ..	1	0	0

#### Poetry.

##### "I AM IN THE SCHEME OF THINGS."

I AM in the scheme of things  
As the song the blackbird sings,  
As the blossom of the tree,  
As the treasure of the sea.

I shall live, and art will die:  
Art is half, or all, a lie.  
Art is made of mud and death:  
I am filled with holy breath.

JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

##### MARCH OF THE WINDS.

OVER the hill the winds a-marching go,  
They shout within the copse and make the spars  
Of lonely trees swing creaking to and fro  
Amongst the clean sky's multitudinous stars;  
Such a wild vigor does their breath inspire  
That in the white and tortuous road I greet  
A path across the world; I'd never tire,  
Feeling this splendid spirit in my feet.

Upon the road I hear the muffled tread  
Of vanished armies marching ever on,  
Then see with sudden pain the ranks long dead  
I marched with once; they flicker and are gone.  
"Come back! I'll march with you again," I cry—  
Only the hollow winds go marching by.

EDWARD LIVEING.

# BOOKS FOR INVESTORS

BY

C. H. STILES, F.S.S., F.R.G.S.

PUBLISHED BY

THE FINANCIAL REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

## THE SIMPLEX INVESTORS' ACCOUNT BOOK.

*Fourth and Revised Edition, with Income Tax Columns.*

Price 6/- Net.

¶ The Simplex Investors' Account Book combines the Maximum of Efficiency with the Minimum of Labour.

¶ The Simplex Investors' Account Book is a necessity to every private investor who wishes to supervise his investments properly.

¶ In simplicity of arrangement it is far ahead of anything of its kind ever before published and enables the investor, without the slightest trouble, to watch closely the progress of the securities he holds.

## THE SIMPLEX INVESTORS' DIARY.

*1920 Edition.*

Price 5/- Net.

Size  $5\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{3}{4}$ , suitable for the pocket.

"For the use of investors nothing more desirable could be devised."—*Insurance and Financial Gazette.*

¶ The Simplex Investors' Diary contains: A Dictionary of Investment Terms; Investment Yield Table; List of Bank Transfer Days; Articles on Investment and Income Tax; a series of useful Simplified Calculations; a number of Statistical Tables; Foreign Money and Weight Equivalents; Stock Exchange Scale of Commissions; Dividend Rates of Government and Municipal Securities; a complete Postal Guide, together with a ruled Diary for the year.

## MODERN METHODS OF INVESTORS' BOOK-KEEPING.

Price 6d. Net.

¶ Brevity, simplicity, and efficiency in the keeping of private investors' accounts can only be attained by divorcing the methods of accountancy from those practised by the various commercial and industrial undertakings. The method of keeping investment accounts described in this booklet is simple in the extreme.

With an Introductory Note

by

ELLIS T. POWELL, LL.B., D.Sc.

Author of

"The Evolution of the Money Market."

Price 3/- Net.

Demy Octavo.

### PRESS OPINIONS.

"Mr. C. R. Stiles has dealt very thoroughly with the question of wealth, capital and investment. . . . Some really valuable advice and instruction to investors is given."—*Liverpool Courier.*

"It enables the reader to assimilate the maximum of information in the minimum of time—which is no small recommendation nowadays."—*The Financial News.*

"Mr. Stiles has successfully accomplished the task of elucidating the methods of investment so as to make them comprehensible to the man in the street."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

"Mr. Stiles' work is useful, not to warn the public of rotten stocks; nothing will do that—but providing safe rules of how to invest and what to expect in reason."—*Syren and Shipping.*

## SELLING AT A LOSS TO MAKE A PROFIT.

Proof of a Paradox.

Price 1/- Net.

"Mr. Stiles, an acknowledged expert on finance, combats the view that an investor holding a depreciated security suffers no loss so long as he does not sell. He gives cogent reasons in support of the recommendation to sell holdings which strict examination proves should be sold, and thereby to recover, if possible, money lost in unsatisfactory securities."—*Aberdeen Daily Journal.*

# The Financial Review of Reviews

6, Grafton Street, New Bond Street, London, W.1.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Letters of Anton Tchekhov to his Family and Friends." (Chatto & Windus. 12s. 6d.)
- "William Smith, Potter and Farmer." By George Bourne. (Chatto & Windus. 6s.)
- ✓ "The History of Trade Unionism." By Sydney and Beatrice Webb. (Longmans. 21s.)
- ✓ "Chapters in the Administrative History of Mediæval England." Two Vols. By T. F. Tout, M.A., F.B.A. (Longmans. 36s.)
- "Diplomacy and the Study of International Relations." By D. P. Heatley. (Oxford Press. 7s. 6d.)
- ✓ "The New Germany." By George Young. (Constable. 8s.)
- "The Australian Victories in France in 1918." By General Sir John Monash. (Hutchinson. 24s.)
- ✓ "Bolshevism at Work." By W. T. Goode. (Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d.)

\* \* \*

Do authors write their own books? The question in this form might be dismissed as silly if it were not for the number of authors who have themselves doubted it. It would be interesting to have a list of those famous books which were never planned as a building usually is before work is begun upon it, books which came by luck in the process of writing. There are many changelings among works of art, or in other words, books which became something quite different from what the author originally proposed or began to write, and among these would probably be some of the greatest books in history if we knew their true history.

\* \* \*

It is most probable that Cervantes in beginning to write "Don Quixote" had no idea that in doing so he was beginning a book which would be a landmark in literature. He might have thought of nothing more than a short satire on contemporary romantic fiction; and we know from Gibbon's Autobiography that the "Decline and Fall" (although intended to immortalize himself) expanded in the act of writing to its present dimension. In the same way "Pickwick Papers" originated in a suggestion that Dickens should write a series of sketches to accompany and illustrate a series of comic drawings, and the rest merely happened as a natural result of the artist's genius. Scott confesses somewhere to a very similar experience in writing his novels: "I sometimes think my fingers set up for themselves independent of my head; for twenty times I have begun a thing in a certain plan and never in my life adhered to it (in a work of imagination) for half an hour together." Stevenson's experience was, as one might imagine from some of his novels, similar, and in one of his fables he represents the characters in "Treasure Island" as discussing among themselves between the acts whether there is an author. In the preface to "Virginibus Puerisque" he also confesses that this volume was a changeling of his imagination:—

"I began to write with a definite end. I was to be the *Advocatus*, not, I hope, *Diabolus*, but *Juventus*, I was to state temperately the beliefs of youth as opposed to the contentions of age, to go over all the field where the two differ and produce at last a little volume of special pleadings which I might call, without misnomer, 'Life at Twenty-Five.' But these things were changing, and I shared in the change. I clung hard to the entrancing age, but no man can be twenty-five for ever."

This experience is, however, by no means peculiar to the novelists, for essayists and philosophers are perhaps even more liable to such eccentricities of the imagination.

\* \* \*

MONTAIGNE, we know from many confessions, wrote in order to explore rather than to express his own thought:—

"I have no more made my book than my book has made me. . . . Who seeth not that I have entered so large a field and undertaken so high a pitch wherein so long as there is ink and paper in the world I may unnecessarily wander and fly without encumbrance? I can keep no register of my life

by my actions, for time places them too low: I hould them of my fantasies. . . . And when shall I come to an end of representing a continual agitation or incessant alteration of my thoughts, what subject soever they happen upon, since Diomedes filled six thousand books only with the subject of grammar."

This endless curiosity and surprise of self-discovery is everywhere manifest in this essayist, and something of the same spirit of exploration probably inspires most imaginative philosophers and essayists. That Maeterlinck is peculiarly sensitive to this we know from various facts he confides in the reader. "Wisdom and Destiny" was intended to be an essay of a few thousand words at most or a fortnight's work, but it grew under his hands and blossomed into the present book which occupied his thoughts and hands for two years. And Maeterlinck was only recording his own experience in the world of imagination in asking in an essay on art and artists ("Damnation de l'artiste"):—

"Is it not by examining, what he has not consciously intended, that we penetrate the essence of a poet? The poet premeditates this, premeditates that, but woe to him if he does not attain something else beside. He enters with his lamp the treasure house of darkness and the ineffable, but woe to him if he knows to a jot and tittle with what booty he returns and if the best part of his glory is not the jewel he won unawares."

The imagination is indeed uncontrollable as fire, and when it is fully kindled no man knows where it will end. The artist often afterwards speaks of his own work with the detachment of a mere stranger or spectator:—

"And when his voice is hushed and dumb,  
The flame burnt out, the glory dead,  
He feels a thrill of wonder come  
At that which his poor tongue had said.  
And thinks of each diviner line  
Only the hand that wrote was mine."

This lack of prearranged plan by no means implies necessarily, although it often accompanies, a certain lack of coherence and unity. For a work of imagination—even a volume of maxims, reflections and *pensées*, like those of Joubert, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, Rochefoucauld, or Goethe may have a unity of imagination which transcends a mere plan or narrow system or method. They have, or may have, the same kind of unity as the stars in spite of their apparent disarray, or as the leaves of the same tree in spite of their infinity.

\* \* \*

It is probable indeed that every philosopher by no means considered his own thoughts as a miscellany, but added each thought or impulse of his fancy as a definite contribution towards his own ultimate harmony or self-expression, to which it seemed to him in some occult way necessary, as every level taken at any point is of some value to a surveyor when he at last begins to plot his sections. Perhaps such a method is more profitable in the end than that of the philosopher who from a few hypotheses or experiments constructs a whole system spun mostly out of his own thought, inductively excluding all that does not fit in with his design or does not serve his purpose. Truth is more likely to come from many thoughts than from a few, and a complete philosophical system from one man is invariably to be regarded with some distrust, as Nietzsche knew (and Nietzsche's is not by any means a synthetic philosophy). There have always been philosophers and artists who have believed in the superior wisdom of these glimpses and guesses at truth, these intuitions and intimations which every imaginative mind knows in certain moods and moments. Emerson, even in his earliest journals, declares of his reflections: "If there is no logic by which these thoughts cohere, the mind itself uttering necessary truth must be their vinculum." And a new witness to the same effect is to be found in Bergson whose works are full of imaginative suggestions and intuitions of this quality. "These fleeting intuitions," he writes in "Creative Evolution," "which light up their object only at distant intervals, philosophy ought to seize, first to sustain them, then to expound them, and so to unite them together. The more it advances in this work the more will it perceive that intuition is mind itself and in a certain sense life itself."

F. H. M.

## Mr. MURRAY'S NEW BOOKS

Descriptive List of New Books Posted on Request

### A HISTORY OF THE INDIAN NATIONALIST MOVEMENT

By Sir VERNEY LOVETT, K.C.S.I., late of the Indian Civil Service. A history of the origin, causes, and progress of the Nationalist Movement by one who has for many years enjoyed special opportunities of studying Indian affairs, and was a member of the Rowlatt Commission. 12s. net

### RUSSIA IN RULE AND MISRULE

By Brig.-Gen. C. R. BALLARD, C.B., C.M.G., lately Military 'taché in Roumania. General Sir WM. ROBERTSON, Bt., says in his Foreword:—"Written in a lucid and interesting manner which will help the reader to understand more clearly the meaning of events that are passing day by day in Russia." 6s. net

### HENRY FOX, 1st LORD HOLLAND

His Family and Relations. By the EARL OF ILCHESTER. "The book is well written and well arranged. The writer knows his subject and his period and can use his knowledge effectively. He has had access to a great deal of new material."—*The Times*. Illustrated, 2 volumes. 32s. net

### SCIENCE AND LIFE

Aberdeen Addresses by Prof. FREDK. SODDY, F.R.S., University of Oxford. "Full of surprises. His views on radio-activity, will, perhaps, make the strongest appeal to the imagination . . . a wonderful book."—*Westminster Gazette*. 10s. 6d. net

### SPRINGTIME AND OTHER ESSAYS

By Sir FRANCIS DARWIN, F.R.S., author of "Rustic Sounds," &c. "Sir Francis Darwin has a gift, almost amounting to genius, for what may, perhaps, be called the informative essay."—*Morning Post*. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net

No. 2. FEBY.—NOW READY. 6d. net.

## DISCOVERY

A MONTHLY POPULAR JOURNAL OF KNOWLEDGE

Edited by A. S. RUSSELL, M.C., D.Sc.

Trustees: Sir J. J. THOMSON, O.M., F.R.S., Sir F. G. KENYON, K.C.B., F.R.S., Prof. A. C. SEWARD, S.C.D., F.R.S., Prof. R. S. CONWAY, LITT.D. Chairman of Committee: The Rev. Canon W. TEMPLE, D.LITT.

The first large edition of No. 1 was exhausted immediately after publication and two further printings were needed. In order to ensure receiving No. 2 without delay, it is advisable to order at once.

DISCOVERY presents in a popular form a first-hand account of what experts have done in all the chief branches of knowledge. The articles are written in plain language by contributors who can speak with authority.

#### No. 2. FEBY. CONTENTS

CRYSTAL STRUCTURE (Illustrated) ...	Prof. W. L. Bragg
THE WARS OF GREEK HISTORY ...	Prof. W. R. Halliday
THE NUMBER OF THE ELEMENTS ENGLAND AND GERMANY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. ...	C. G. Darwin
GRAVITATION AND LIGHT (Illustrated)	Dr. L. A. Willoughby
THE STAMP ACT OF 1765 (I) ...	H. Spencer Jones
ROMAN TRADE SOCIETIES ...	C. H. K. Marten
"INDUSTRIAL GASES" ...	Prof. E. V. Arnold
CORRESPONDENCE	Dr. A. S. Russell
	REVIEWS OF BOOKS

6d. net.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.1.

## ANDREW MELROSE'S DISTINCTIVE NEW BOOKS

### THE LETTERS OF DONALD HANKEY

(A Student in Arms.)

2nd Edition.

Edited by EDWARD MILLER, M.A.

Price 9s. net.

*The Challenge* says:—"This is a book which must be possessed by all who love and would fain understand their fellow men."

### THE SYRIAN CHRIST.

By ABRAHAM MITRIE RIBBANY

Demy 8vo, price 9s. net.

### SERENITY: Essays and Reflections. By the AUTHOR of "PEACE OF MIND"

Crown 8vo, price 4s. 6d. net.

*The Glasgow Herald* says:—"In their wisdom, their charm and their urbanity, they constantly remind one of the periodical ('The Spectator') that was welcomed both in drawing-room and coffee-house; there is the same clear delineation of subject matter, the same care and finish of craftsmanship; but one feels throughout a deeper note, a more poignant sense of the tragedy of human life, than is met with in the pages of older essayists though in quiet resolution and philosophical endurance there is a spiritual affinity between the essayists of 'Serenity and his Augustan forbears.'"

### MY NEIGHBOURS

By CARADOC EVANS

Author of "MY PEOPLE," &c. Crown 8vo. Price 6s. net.

### WITH OUR ARMY IN PALESTINE

By ANTHONY BLUETT

Illustrated. Price 7s. 6d. net.

*The Scotsman* says:—"Combining the minimum of technical detail with the maximum of human interest, this personal narrative tells the whole story from the campaign against the Senussi and the early fighting on the Suez Canal, to the fall of Jerusalem and the Armistice."

### TORMENT

A Study in Patriotism. By C. E. JACOMB

Price 6s. net.

*The Sunday Times* says:—"A vivid journal which should excite considerable discussion."

### MESOPOTAMIA 1914-1916

By HENRY BIRCH REYNARDSON

Illustrated. Demy 8vo. Price 9s. net.

*The Near East* says:—"One wishes that those who took this step so lightly and with such terrible consequences had had some of the clarity of thought displayed by this plain regimental officer."

### IN THE SHADOWS

By DAVID GRAY. Author of "The Luggie." With Introduction by JOHN FERGUSON, Author of "Thyrea." Paper, 1s. net. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

Sixth Edition Just Published.

### THYREA By JOHN FERGUSON.

N.B.—This tiny book of Poems has run into Six Editions within two years, and has had 140 reviews.

Paper, 1s. net. Cloth, 1s. 6d. net.

### JACKSON GREGORY NOVELS.

Price 5s. net.

3rd Edition. 2nd Edition.

THE SPLENDID OUTLAW. THE JOYOUS TROUBLEMAKER.

3rd Edition. 3rd Edition.

THE SHORT CUT. SIX FEET FOUR.

2nd Edition. 3rd Edition at Press.

WOLF BREED. UNDER HANDICAP, 5/- net.

Ready Shortly. Price 5s. net.

JUDITH OF BLUE LAKE RANCH.

Every week the sales of Jackson Gregory's novels increase. There is nothing like them in the whole range of present day fiction.

First Cheap Edition of  
MARGARET PETERSON'S Famous Novel  
THE LURE OF THE LITTLE DRUM  
Price 2s. net.

LONDON: ANDREW MELROSE, Ltd.

## Reviews.

## A CHAPLAIN OF THE FORCES.

**Letters of Oswin Creighton, 1883-1918.** Edited by his Mother, LOUISE CREIGHTON. (Longmans. 14s.)

THIS is an unusually interesting, because frank and outspoken, collection of letters from the overflowing pen and large heart of a brave and almost passionately sincere young man addressed, for the most part, to an equally brave, sincere, and critically sympathetic mother.

Oswin Creighton's life began on June 10th, 1883, at Embleton Vicarage in Northumberland and ended in April, 1910, on the Arras Front when he and the three men with whom he was talking were killed instantaneously by the bursting of a shell.

In the course of these impetuous letters we learn a great deal about Oswin Creighton, and find it easy to like him, but what is left unrevealed to the outsider is why he became a clergyman, either of the Anglican or any other Church. It seems to have been a case of "self-determination" from the very first. At twelve he went to Marlborough "determined," so his mother tells us, "to be a clergyman," and his letters begin:—

"June 10th, 1900.—Instead of not wanting to become a clergyman, I think I get to want to be one more and more every year, and my mind is quite made up. All I hope is that nothing will happen to make me change it."

Nothing did happen, and so after a very useful year in Smyrna, spent as a teacher, a clergyman he became in October, 1907. But though it is thus made plain that Oswin was as determined to become a clergyman as, let us say, the poet Wordsworth was determined not to be one (though pressed to do so), we search these letters in vain to discover the reason why. It is true he had no doubts, either at twelve, eighteen, or at any age; but then he had no dogmas. For "Church principles," high, low or broad, he had neither appetite nor the least inclination. "Churchiness" he abhorred with the full strength of his positive, realistic nature. Neither ritual, nor asceticism, nor congregationalism had anything to say to him, nor did he cry out for any outstanding "authority" to settle the claims of contending parties, for he took no interest in their contentions. Nor did the merely social and institutional side of organized Christianity—playing billiards with boys and so on—appeal strongly to him; and yet in spite of all these negations, these blocked avenues of approach, a clergyman he was bent on being, and it was as a clergyman that he spent his short, heroic life. His father was no doubt an Anglican bishop, and a very famous one, but as Dr. Creighton died when his son was eighteen and as there are no letters addressed to him, it is impossible to say more than that a mild affection for our old Cathedrals and Cathedral services is one of the very few "Church" influences noticeable in these letters. On the other hand, as his father's published life and character as portrayed by his mother had a tremendous effect upon the son, who read the paternal biography again and again, and was always asking himself in any new surroundings: "What would my father have said, what would he have done?" it may be that this early determination to follow his father's profession came from that fountain of inspiration. This puzzle is the only one that awaits the reader—all else is straightforward, though curious, and strangely significant of the times.

To paraphrase these letters or give their substance, and a substance despite their boyishness they have, in other words than the writer's own, would be impossible, so here must follow a short series of extracts.

After Oswin's return from Smyrna he went, in the autumn of 1906, to read for Orders at the Bishop's Hostel, Farnham:—

"October 25th, 1906.—First of all I am most ideally happy. The atmosphere of this place is extraordinarily congenial and delightful. Everything is absolutely informal. I like everyone here and some of them quite particularly. There is no regular system; one does as one pleases. Everybody is absolutely genuine and there is no vestige of unreality. We are all expected to go to morning prayers in the parish church at 8. That is all we are definitely expected to do, except dress for dinner. One only goes to lectures and works if one wishes. There is no type or

stamp set by the place. Every one thinks, acts, and speaks as he pleases. There is no holiness, sacerdotalism or cant. Every one has a keen sense of humor, and we all rag and chaff each other. But behind it all one feels a tremendous reality and earnestness. It all suits me admirably."

After taking deacon's orders he took up strenuous work in one of the most poverty-stricken quarters of London—Notting Dale:—

"St. James's Square.

"October 11th, 1908.—The parish is simply humming. I am too much up now and shall have a down if I don't take care. I don't know where to turn with the amount of work I have. Everything seems to be going ahead.

"December 22nd, 1908.—What you say in criticism of my preaching is very true. The Vicar says I speak too loudly and emphatically, and there is not enough pleading in my voice. But I think a pleading voice cannot be assumed; it must be a man's natural expression of himself. Somehow when I look at those people, I feel they are so sleepy and need most to be kept awake."

"September 19th, 1909.—I wish sometimes I were an R.C. or extreme High Churchman. It would be so nice to have things more definite. I am being much interested in Pusey. It is interesting to read his life and father's side by side. What different people they were. Figgis' mind seems to be a sort of combination of the two. I think his (Figgis') sermon on other-worldliness rather bothered me. I preached and taught about it last Sunday, but did not end by feeling quite satisfied with my conclusions. We must seek first the Kingdom of God—but we must not divorce it from the world. We must seek it in the world. I think it is just this that father teaches me above all things, and in contradiction to all the intense people of the Pusey type. All human relationships and interests and occupations were sacred to father, because in them he saw so much of the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. So I found myself preaching on these lines to-day. I rather launched out against the type of hymn which says, 'The world is very evil,' &c. What is the use of groaning about the wickedness of the world, the want of religion, &c.? Goodness knows there is enough wickedness! My visiting this week has taught me that well enough—the terrible prostitution among women. But it is no use to lament. There is good somewhere, and surely it is one's business to bring that out here and now, and not worry and speculate too much about an indefinite future. We must have some fairly tangible end to work for here. We get into such a sea if we divorce our end altogether from this world. I find the best thing to do when speculatively worried is to go and do some hard disagreeable visiting. I am little good at doctrinal teaching. All at present I feel I can do with real conviction is to try to moralize and spiritualize ordinary human relationships and occupations.

"I went to the Follies one night and enjoyed them enormously. I laughed till I could laugh no more. Their humor is so refined and spontaneous."

It is an odd training that sets boys "preaching and teaching" on such problems, but to one of Oswin Creighton's utter sincerity his preaching did him no harm:—

"Dear me, I wish I knew what to do to bring religion home to these people. There were, at the outside, fifteen adults at the Mission to-night. I wish I knew if it was I that empty the place. But nobody tells me anything, and I feel so absolutely in the dark."

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," and in August, 1910, Creighton was dispatched "to see the wonders of the world abroad" or such of them as are to be discovered in Canada. His Canadian experiences are enlightening. He surveyed the country with something at least of the young-eyed, quick-witted insight which enabled the young De Tocqueville eighty years before to comprehend the present and anticipate the future of the United States of North America.

He had to begin his Canadian life with a Church Congress at Halifax:—

"I could not have had a better introduction to Canadian Church life. I think Congresses only tend to make me less, rather than more, churchy. I listen to papers for or against Apostolic Succession, and when I meditate I find these things do not affect me one way or the other. I don't really believe any one cares about them. They are terrified of surrendering them because of the results they feel would follow. There is such a terror of a smug, selfish individualism, that people have a feeling we must cling to all these things, and throw ourselves into them as the only possible antidote."

"I enjoyed the Congress. I like hearing people discuss problems. It always makes me feel how unimportant they are."

The Congress over, Creighton took up his abode at the Mission House, Edmonton:—

"This is really a most wonderful country. There is an extraordinary feeling of youth and development in the air.



## From the House of Cassell

### Indiscretions of the Naval Censor

By REAR-ADMIRAL SIR DOUGLAS BROWNRIGG, Bart. With 12 Plates, 12/6 net

"Terse, outspoken, and humorous. An admirable account of the working of the Naval Censor's office."—*Morning Post*.  
"A very genial volume."—*Naval and Military Record*.

### Before the War

By VISCOUNT HALDANE 7/6 net

"A valuable document, not only for the use of future historians, but for the immediate purpose of correcting false views of the policy of the British Government, domestic and foreign, during the critical period preceding the War."—*Truth*.

"His book . . . is one that no student of the War and its first causes can neglect."—*Punch*.

Now Ready. New Quatermain Romance

### The Ancient Allan

By H. RIDER HAGGARD With 8 Plates 8/6 net

"Now I, Allan Quatermain, come to the very weirdest (with one exception perhaps) of all the experiences which it has amused me to employ my idle hours in recording." . . . thus the opening words of this new Quatermain romance. Weirdest it certainly is, and as full of thrills as any of its predecessors.



### Those Who Smiled

By PERCEVAL GIBBON 7/6 net

"Mr. Perceval Gibbon has few peers in the art of the short story, and his new book . . . contains a dozen excellent specimens. . . . He has a beautiful precision of phrase; there is grace and finish about his style that constantly arouse admiration, and his feeling about life is always true."—*Star*.

### A Place in the World

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER 7/6 net

"A wise, witty, philosophic novel, which breathes at once the gay recklessness of irresponsible youth, and the genial tolerance of sympathetic middle-age. . . . A comedy of indiscretions."—*Sunday Express*.

7/- net each

The Pagoda Tree (2nd Imp.)

Star of India

The Tidal Wave

The Veldt Trail (3rd Imp.)

Mrs. Marden (3rd Imp.)

Sheepskins and Grey Russet (2nd Imp.)

B. M. CROKER

ALICE PERRIN

ETHEL M. DELL

GERTRUDE PAGE

ROBERT HICHENS

E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Of all Booksellers and Libraries.  
CASSELL & CO., Ltd., London, E.C. 4.



Messrs. BELL'S  
New Books.



### National Guilds and the State

By S. G. HOBSON, who has made notable contributions to the literature of Guild Socialism. Here he deals with the criticisms which have been made on Guild Doctrines. *Inter alia*, he treats such momentous questions as "Direct Action" and the Shop Steward Movement, and formulates a new theory of national organisation. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

### Christian Essentials of Reconstruction

Twelve Essays delivered at the Swanwick Summer School, 1919. Edited by LUCY GARDNER. A symposium of well-known social workers on outstanding problems of the time. United in the belief that only through the new spirit among men to which war conditions gave birth can these problems be solved, they seek to show how this spirit may be fostered and developed. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

### Europe and the League of Nations

By CHARLES SAROLEA, D.Ph. and Litt. Professor in the University of Edinburgh. "Dr. Sarolea expresses his view of the Peace Settlement very plainly. He has great hopes of the League, and argues that the problems it has to solve are no greater than those that confronted the makers of the United States."—*The Times*. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

### Victorian Recollections

By JOHN A. BRIDGES, a treasury of pleasant memories which, says *The Daily Telegraph*, "must delight readers who still revel in reminiscence of a picturesque period, especially when it is characterized by the grace and charm which distinguish this book." Large Post 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

### William Peverill Turnbull

A Memoir by his Son, H. W. TURNBULL, M.A., which *The Times* characterizes as a "delightful picture of a great mathematician and excellent scholar with an extraordinary range of humanistic interest and knowledge, whom fate made a school inspector at Manchester in 1871." 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

### My Horizon

By C. TOWNLEY. "These twenty musings . . . reveal a sound reflective habit of mind."—*The Times*. "Agreeable little essays."—*Scotsman*. "Very attractive."—*Globe*. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

### Dr. Rogers' Translations of Aristophanes

I. THE CLOUDS } Now Ready.  
II. THE WASPS }

Crown 8vo. Paper, 2s. net each Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

"His metrical version is delightfully musical and idiomatic, and the choruses go sparkling along like those of a Gilbertian play."—*Saturday Review*.

### A NEW SERIES.

### The Social Service Library

No. 1.—The Social Worker.

By C. R. ATTLEE, M.A., is intended not only to provide a general introduction to the subject of Social Service, but aims also at giving those who are contemplating participation in social work a sketch of the opportunities of service which present themselves, and at describing the qualifications and training which are most needed.

Ready Feb. 17th. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

G. BELL & SONS, LTD., Portugal St., London, W.C.2.

People look so absolutely different from what they do in England. Every one seems so independent, and they walk about as if they were their own masters. Every man is your equal and treats you as such."

"Edmonton.

"September 20th.—For the first few days I wondered how I should fit in here. . . . I began to wonder if I was really too much of a heathen. I think perhaps there was a little lack of humor. The men don't talk much when we are together. But I am writing first impressions. I feel they are already changing. I think the feeling, and certainly it is the feeling of the country, is that each man should be himself and perfectly natural. So they don't seem to mind my being rather frivolous. . . ."

"It is quite an education to be at a Vestry meeting when the building of a church is discussed."

Creighton was soon face to face with other problems than those in which the Congress failed to excite his interest. The multiplicity of Churches tormented him. "It is different in England where the Church has all the history behind it." The history of Nonconformity was evidently not in the curriculum either at Keble or Farnham. "But the Church here has no history. People for the most part are just content without it." Creighton, after his lively fashion, personifies a Mrs. Jones who though she had been baptized and confirmed, and was at one time a regular Anglican communicant, was yet on the point of going over to the Methodists and taking her children with her. Hence the importance of hurrying up and getting the Church of England well going in order to circumvent this impending catastrophe. Creighton interrogates himself thus:—

"Does it really matter whether people go to the Methodists or not? If Mrs. Jones goes to the Methodists, had she not better continue? I mean, had I not better leave the whole matter to Mrs. Jones, and not to let it enter my mind unless Mrs. Jones suggests it? . . . The important thing is that I should try and love Mrs. Jones. I believe the very fact that I am trying to win Mrs. Jones back to the Church, rather than simply coming with the sole motive of love for Mrs. Jones, hides her real nature from me. I find my mind is always full of schemes of getting Mrs. Jones to Church, and her children to Sunday School."

And so on for a page or two!

His Canadian life, though it did not increase his interest in Christian dogmas, made him acquainted with the practical difficulties of presenting Christianity as a *reality* to a crowd of hard-working, self-centred, strenuous, materialistic folk, all engaged in making new homes for themselves and their children, and with little, if any, time for sentiment or reflection. Canada is no "spiritual home" for anybody:—

"I cannot help admiring people who work so hard and incessantly. Everybody works hard, at least so it appears. A man cannot get on at all if he is idle. I have not found an idle woman, or even a leisured woman, in the country. This is a strenuous country. I seem at present to be the only idle person. Now I take it, the tendency of the age is towards strenuousness, and surely this is a good point. There are no luxurious people out here. Even when they get rich they go on working just as hard, it seems. The tendency of the age seems to me to be more dominated by Nietzsche's philosophy than anything else. To a certain extent men out here are striving to be supermen. Even when quite old they will work amazingly hard. This is no country for an idler. They exist, of course, but go to the wall. It makes the people look hard and old and not very attractive. But it seems to dominate everything. And then one contrasts Christian teaching: 'It is but lost labor that ye haste to rise up early and so late take rest and eat the bread of carefulness.' 'Thou fool, this night shall thy life be required of thee, and then that thou hast whose shall it be?' What is the object of it all? What is every one after? 'The dollar,' is the usual answer. I do not believe it is altogether so. I believe there is a sort of feeling that life is lost and found in work, and people very often like work for its own sake as well as for what it brings. Somehow one does not feel this is very attractive. There is little thought, few ideals. And yet it is fine. Contrast it with Notting Dale!"

On the breaking out of the war Creighton came home, and in November, 1914, received his appointment as a Chaplain of the Forces.

His thoughts on the war, on its conduct, and, more important, on the character of our brave soldiers deserve, were there room, more attention than they are likely to receive in these crowded and disillusioned days. We are grateful to Mrs. Creighton for the preparation of a book which will always be of interest to those who love to observe the tides of thought and the new directions of activity in open and honest minds.

A. B.

## THE POLITICAL FRENCHMAN.

✓ "My Second Country." By ROBERT DELL. (Lane. 7s. 6d.)

BAGEHOT said that the French were too intelligent a people to make a success of parliamentary government, and Mr. Dell's very interesting book might be regarded as an elaborate illustration of that theme. Two things must strike everyone who has spent any time in France. One is the high level of individual intelligence. "Probably in no country," says Mr. Dell, "is the level of individual intelligence so high as in France: certainly in none is the interest in intellectual matters so widespread." The other is the contempt with which the individual Frenchman invariably speaks of his institutions, his bureaucracy, his politicians, and his press. Nothing irritates a Frenchman more than to find foreigners taking his politicians as representative of France. Unhappily, when you come to consider France as a State, as one of the Great Powers, you have no option. For it is not the representative but unrepresented Frenchman who counts: it is the unrepresentative Ministers who happen to represent him. In this sense the problem that confronts France is the problem that confronts all Parliamentary nations. The average Englishman does not desire to fill Russia with poison gas, but he is in the hands of a group of politicians and interests who do. France was nearly pushed into a war with Germany over Morocco; an issue that concerned a small minority of Frenchmen. A Frenchman said to the writer once: "Why do so many Englishmen talk as if France desired what her expansionists desire: it is as if we took the 'Morning Post' as typical of English opinion?" The answer is that, as the affairs of the world are now conducted, what matters to the foreigner is not whether A and B really represent the mind of France, but whether A and B have the power to act for France. Nine out of ten Englishmen would resent the suggestion that Mr. Churchill represents England, but Mr. Churchill has in cold fact the power to go to Paris and make a violent proposal to the Council of Ten in the name of the English Government. In this sense, though Mr. Churchill represents one out of ten Englishmen, it is the tenth Englishman who counts.

That France has done worse than Britain out of the Parliamentary system no reader of Mr. Dell's book will doubt. This is, of course, partly due to historical circumstances. As Mr. Lowell pointed out years ago, the fact that the form of the Constitution was challenged in France and in Italy had given a certain unreality to the politics of both countries. The actual system of government in France was devised by men who did not want the Republic to last. But Mr. Dell suggests that Parliamentary inefficiency in France is due also to a want of capacity in French politicians of all schools. The Socialists are free from the corruption to be found in other parties, though ambitious men use them as a ladder, but they are not free from the reluctance to work systematically at concrete questions. Mr. Dell blames Jaurès himself for giving some important years to the advocacy of Proportional Representation:—

"Far from adhering too strictly to social consequences and economic questions, the Socialist party has neglected them in practice almost as much as the other parties. It has been active in propagating Socialist doctrine—quite properly and rightly—but it has not concerned itself with immediate social and economic reforms, the advocacy of which would enormously have increased its hold on the country. Too many French Socialist deputies have paid very little attention to economics; their Socialism is little more than a vague aspiration. Hence it is that the Socialist Party has never given serious consideration to the question of Free Trade and Protection, to the democratization of the administrative system, or to the various questions that have just been mentioned."

Most people know that the French judicial system stands in need of drastic reform and most of them suspect that her administrative system has serious faults. Mr. Dell draws a terrible picture of both. An illustration that he gives of the espionage methods is so startling that we had better give it in his own words:—

"One of the worst examples of this system was the famous case of Métivier, at the time of the great strike in 1908 which culminated in the massacres of the strikers by the military at Villeneuve-St.-Georges and Draveil. Métivier, who was a trade union secretary, was one of the chief instigators of the strikers to acts of violence. He was arrested, and there was an interpellation on his arrest in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Clemenceau, who was at the

**MACMILLAN'S NEW BOOKS.**

**Life of William Booth,**  
the Founder of the Salvation Army. By HAROLD BEGBIE.  
With three Photogravures and numerous other Portraits and Illustrations. Two vols. 8vo. £2 2s. net.

FOURTEENTH THOUSAND.

**The Economic Consequences of the Peace.** By JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES, C.B., Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

BY THE LATE SIR EDWARD COOK.

**The Press in War-time :**  
With some Account of the Official Press Bureau.  
An Essay by SIR EDWARD COOK, K.B.E. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

**College Addresses. Delivered to Pupils of the Royal College of Music.** By Sir C. HUBERT H. PARRY, Bart., Mus.Doc., Director, 1895-1918. Edited, with a Recollection of the Author, by H. C. COLLES. With Portrait. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

*The Daily Chronicle* :—"These addresses should prove of the greatest service to all who are battling to achieve the only success worth striving for—what Emerson called the triumph of principle."

**Wake up Canada!**  
**Reflections on Vital National Issues.** By C. W. PATERSON.  
Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

**Democracy and Freedom: An Essay in Social Logic.**  
By ELTON MAYO. Crown 8vo. Sewed, 1s. 6d. net. W.E.A. Series.

MACMILLAN &amp; Co., Ltd., LONDON, W.C.2

**FLEURS-DE-LYS.**

A BOOK OF FRENCH POETRY.

Freely Translated into English Verse by WILFRID THORLEY. 6s. net.

The poets represented in this volume range from an unknown maker of folk-song in the twelfth century to those of present day.

Uniform with above.

**SELECTIONS FROM SWINBURNE.**

Edited by EDMUND GOSSE, C.B., and T. J. WISE. 6s. net.

"All phases of the poet's genius are admirably represented."—*Daily Graphic*.

**REYNARD THE FOX.**

By JOHN MASEFIELD (3rd Imp.). 5s. net.

"One of the most English poems ever written—an epic of the soil and of those who gallop over it."—*Times*.

**THIRD IMPRESSION.****SOUTH. THE STORY OF SHACKLETON'S LAST EXPEDITION, 1914-1917**

By SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON, C.V.O.

Illustrated. Royal 8vo. 25s. net.

"One of the finest stories in the world."—*Observer*.

**NEW NOVELS.**

Just Published.

**ELI OF THE DOWNS.**

A First Novel by C. M. A. PEAKE. 7s. net.

**LEGEND.**

CLEMENCE DANE.

6s. net.

**SAINT'S PROGRESS.**

JOHN GALSWORTHY.

7s. 6d. net.

**SEVEN MEN.**

MAX BEERBOHM.

7s. net.

**GOLD AND IRON.**

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER, Author of "The Three Black Pennys."

7s. net.

WM. HEINEMANN, 21, Bedford St., W.C.2.

**Three High-class Novels**

From all Booksellers and Libraries. 6s. net

**THE WHITE POPE**

By S. R. CROCKETT,

Author of the "Stickit Minister,"  
"The Raiders," etc.

The last and greatest novel by this famous author. It is the story of a Pope who does not believe in the ritual and ceremony attached to religious creeds.

**The Rt. Rev. Bishop Welldon**

is fully in sympathy with the theme of the book. It presents a new aspect of Christianity in a romantic setting, and will be read with more than ordinary interest. Written with great power. It is undoubtedly a masterpiece.

**RACHEL**

By LILIAN TURNER,

Author of "The Girl from the Back-blocks," "Noughts and Crosses," etc.

"Rachel" is a story which tells of the love of a young doctor, of the true English type, for a charming country maiden. The scene of the story is laid in Yorkshire and the whole book is alive with healthy and sparkling incident. A stimulating antidote for boredom.

**JEW!**

By DAVID HELLER.

It is not often that an author's first novel can be published with the certainty of success that is predestined for "Jew!" It is a distinct triumph. One of the most powerful books in defence of Judaism ever written and does much to eradicate the old prejudice against the Jew, proving in a story full of intense interest, that there is a type of Jew as self-sacrificing as the most generous-hearted of Gentiles.



*The "Red Rose" on the cover of a book is a guarantee of quality.*

From all Booksellers and published by

**BOOKS LIMITED**

CROSSHALL BUILDINGS, LIVERPOOL.

**THE NEW GERMANY BY GEORGE YOUNG**

8s. NET.

WITH THE FULL TEXT. ELSEWHERE UNOBTAINABLE. OF THE GERMAN CONSTITUTION  
Constable & Company, Ltd., London, W.C.2.

A  
RMISTICEB  
OLSHEVISMC  
OMMUNISMD  
ESPAIR



time Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior, in his reply to the interpellators, justified the arrest on the ground that Métivier had been the chief author of the troubles, denounced him in vigorous language, and indignantly denied that the arrest of such a man could be regarded as an affront to the working classes. Two years later it was discovered that Métivier was an *agent provocateur* employed by the police at a regular salary with the knowledge and approval of M. Clemenceau himself, and that he had been paid double salary while serving the terms of imprisonment necessary to prevent any suspicion on the part of the workmen of his real character. The whole of the facts were published in the Press, and M. Clemenceau could not deny them."

This incident is specially interesting to us now that we have paid France the compliment of setting up a political police in this country. The advantage we have had over France in the past is that we went through an era of drastic reform during which many of the evil survivals of the old régime were extinguished. France has never had her Civil Service reorganized, and she still works on the old methods. We produced at one time a series of men of public spirit who worked patiently at the details of administrative reform, and they were aided by a healthy public mistrust of the influence of the State. France has never passed through that stage and consequently, as Mr. Dell says, though her spirit is more democratic than ours, her administrative system is less. At this moment some of the work of these men is in danger of being undone in England, for the latest developments of our administrative system give scope to the kind of abuse of which Frenchmen complain.

Most people probably consider that the present system will not last, without great modification, in any country in Europe. In France Mr. Dell thinks the issue is between reaction and revolution. On the one side is the power of vested interests in a country where the wide distribution of property encourages a spirit of caution, carried to a point at which it defeats the ambitions of the business men. On the other the generous impulses of the proletariat and the intellectuals. He discusses the desperate financial position of the country, and he argues that though many Frenchmen look for a great industrial future in which France will succeed to the position held by Germany, the methods of business and organization that are still in force are hopelessly inefficient and antiquated. The outlook is certainly disquieting, and it looks as if the heroic effort made by France in resisting the aggression of Germany will leave even a greater strain than the wars of Napoleon. Englishmen will hope that she will rediscover for her own salvation those great qualities that have given her in other crises the leadership of the mind of the world.

#### OF GARDENS.

Gardens: Their Form and Design." By Viscountess WOLSELEY. (Arnold. 21s. net.)

A GARDEN, according to the old notion laid down long ago by Sir Walter Raleigh, is a place of refuge. Haunt of seclusion and repose, it is a retreat alike from wild nature and rude, unwanted men. Contrasted with the prickles and brambles of the harsh, unruly wilderness outside, its lawns should be smooth, its hedges neatly clipped, its paths trim; secure from rogues and vagabonds, it should be a place of shade and silence, as well as of color and perfume; and since its end is the delight of man, it should contain nothing that will not minister to the refreshment of his spirit. The garden is an aristocratic idea, and like many such has its assailants to-day. Lovers of nature, like Mr. Hudson, dislike smooth lawns shorn of daisies, dandelions and worms, lament the gardener's war on insects and birds, and prefer a garden decorated with dead leaves, nettles, plantains, and the ornamental casts of worms and moles. Lovers of man, like the dwellers in the garden suburb, wince at partition walls, scent the anti-social impulse in box-hedges, and the disease of agoraphobia in a gate.

Yet the old idea survives, and Lady Wolseley, like Sir Walter Raleigh and Bacon, takes her stand on classic ground. To her, as to the Elizabethans, this purest of human pleasures can only be enjoyed by an age which has grown to civility and elegance. Her handsome volume on "Form and Design in Gardens," with its beautiful illustrations and spacious pages,

is a stately treatise in the grand manner. Its author has visited the famous gardens of England, Italy and France, is learned in the classic traditions of Le Notre and Du Cerceau, and has embodied her practical science as a horticulturist in the flourishing College of Gardening at Glynde. But it is as an artist concerned in the principles of form and design that her book should be welcomed by all to whom fair surroundings are not merely a convenience, but a necessity of the spirit.

Lady Wolseley is a classic artist whose first principles are of universal application. Her rules for design can be adapted not only to the broad acres of the stately homes of England, but to the restricted gardens of suburban villas and the minute cottage patch. Like Pope, she bids us "first follow nature," but with the ultimate intention of mastering her. The gardener's first study should be the spirit of place. Locality will dictate the style; the gardener gives it individuality and beauty:—

"If it (the garden) be on a steep slope, then let it be with terraces and pergolas, but free of attempt at bog or aquatic gardens; should it be a wild woodland garden, then show judgment and moderation, in giving only those delicate touches which enhance, but do no injury to, natural beauty. Then the surrounding landscape has to be considered, and the question whether the lines of the distant hills should form the basis of the main lines of the garden to follow. Each new idea, has, in short, to be weighed against other natural values. This successfully carried out, proves the master craftsman."

While aiming always at beauty, the gardener should never forget the importance of surprise. Every garden should have its secret. The beauty which is all discovered at a single glance is like the face of a film actress; true beauty should haunt and elude us like the mysterious smile of a Leonardo. In her delightful chapter on "Hedged-in and Surprise Gardens," Lady Wolseley gives many a skilful receipt for springing a sudden pleasure on the beholder. These surprises may be elaborate and ornate, like the lovely sunk Dutch garden in Kensington Palace, every peep at which, through the green gloom of the cut windows of the peached alleys, appears with a delicate difference; or the wonderful Mystery Island, illustrated on page 113. Some of the happiest effects, however, may be achieved by the simplest materials:—

"It may be only twelve tall wooden uprights, cut square, supporting a latticed roof of wood. We call it a shadow arbor, but the children call it a birdcage, because little tits like to nest within its shelter. Whatever its real name, the mere fact of its having a doorway, forming a frame to something beyond, makes us wish to explore further."

Or it may be a row of children's hoops entwined with rambler roses, through which we see the view in a lovely frame. Something unexpected, mysterious—this is what shows the gardener's skill.

Lady Wolseley, unlike Bacon, with whom she shares an admiration for fountains, recommends the use of artificial lakes. In Bacon's opinion "pools mar all," and standing water invites frogs and flies. But much beauty can be found in small surprise ponds, with water-lilies floating on the surface and pretty flowers, like yellow allium, white pinks, or many colored pansies, dipping their little faces in the water. In small gardens, where the expense of building cement tanks is out of the question, a simple water garden can be made with the help of disused travelling baths or an empty paraffin cask cut in two to form circular tubs. These miniature lakes can be made to give as much pleasure as the lovely water-lily lake at Kew or the sunk garden in Kensington Palace.

From France comes the study of Treillage, a style which, while it has long flourished in Germany and Holland, has only been generally known in England of late years. To learn the age and beauty of this notion of trellis work the gardener should go to the British Museum and look at the fifteenth-century Flemish illuminated manuscript of the Roman de la Rose. Here, where the trellis is seen in slender painted battens, on one side red roses, on the other white, are little, quiet, restful gardens, where flowers, trees, and water are all near together. The chapter on Topiary will interest lovers of formal gardening; but the extreme nature lover will shrink in horror from this slow torturing of natural trees to fantastic shapes and images. Lady Wolseley's Italian studies have shown her to what graceful uses can be put the ornamental pots so popular in the gardens of Siena. In Italy

## UNITED SERVICE TRANSPORT COMPANY LIMITED.

"VERY SUCCESSFUL" TRADING.

THE STATUTORY MEETING of the United Service Transport Company Limited was held on the 11th inst. at Winchester House, Admiral Sir Edmund J. W. Slade, K.C.I.E., K.C.V.O., the Chairman, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. J. Ewan Spalding) having read the notice convening the meeting,

The Chairman said:—Before moving the adoption of the report, which you will all understand is simply a statement in respect of capital, and in no way a balance-sheet or trading account, I take this opportunity to place before you a few particulars regarding the affairs of the company. On October 31st last the business of Messrs. French's Garage and Motor Works Limited was transferred to this company. By mutual arrangement it was taken over as from October 1st; September 30th being the end of that company's financial year, this arrangement was beneficial to both companies. The fleet of cars taken over on October 31st numbered 81. Since that date 72 have been added, making a total of 153, the majority of which have been purchased at Government sales at satisfactory prices. I should like to point out that these lorries have to be overhauled and a considerable amount expended to adapt them for our business, but we have at the present moment 112 actually at work. Suitable bodies have to be fitted to meet the requirements of our various customers, and our managing director informs me that, with regard to these bodies, he has great difficulty in getting early delivery. At the present time 33 chassis are at the body-builders. Contracts for these lorries have been arranged, and they will be working immediately on delivery.

### ACQUISITION OF FREEHOLD PREMISES.

Your directors have been most fortunate in obtaining the freehold premises, 143, Clapham-road. These consist of a large garage, which will accommodate 140 vehicles—and with a little improvement and addition in the way of shedding it will accommodate more—workshops with valuable machinery, and excellent offices. This garage, together with the one in Rushworth-street, and the accommodation provided by several of our clients, will accommodate about 200 lorries. Work has now commenced and is progressing on the buildings for the new works at Balham. These, when completed, will be a valuable asset. Mr. French, our managing director, is of opinion that his estimate of profits is being maintained. I now move that the statutory report, as printed and submitted, be adopted and approved.

The Managing Director (Mr. W. F. French) seconded the motion, and, in the course of his remarks said:—You will be pleased to hear that the three months' trading has been very successful, and the progress made is in every way satisfactory. I have made a comparison with the corresponding period of the previous year from the books of Messrs. French's Garage and Motor Works Limited, and find that the receipts for the transport work have advanced by £10,000, and sales and sundries by £14,000, an actual increase of receipts of £2,000 per week. We have arranged a contract with a prominent tourist agency in London to supply a number of charabancs for the summer season, which should prove a remunerative business. I am glad to say that the company is well served by its employees, with whom we are on the best of terms.

My estimate of profits has been exceeded, even in the first month's trading of the Company, by a very considerable amount. We have contracts with various Government Departments, the London County Council, and other big motor-using bodies with which we have never contracted before.

The motion was carried unanimously, and the proceedings then terminated.

## The Nation.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Inland.—£1 8s. 2d. per annum. Post free.

Foreign.—£1 10s. 0d. " " " "

THE NATION is published weekly. Applications for copies and subscriptions should be sent to the Publisher, 10, Adelphi Terrace, London, W.C. 2.

Telephones:—Business: Gerrard 4035.

Editorial: Gerrard 6584.

Telegrams: "Nationetta Westrand, London."

## BOOKSELLERS AND CATALOGUES.

### THE BEST VALUE IN BOOKS FEBRUARY CATALOGUE OF PUBLISHERS' REMAINDERS.

Now Ready. Post free on application to

**WILLIAM GLAISHER, LTD., Booksellers,**  
265, High Holborn, London, W.C.1

**BOOKS AND AUTOGRAPHS.**—Catalogues post free.  
R. ATKINSON, 188, Peckham Rye, S.E. 22.

**BOOKS, PRINTS, and MSS. BOUGHT, or VALUED for PROBATE,**  
by HENRY SOTHERAN & Co., 140, Strand, and 43, Piccadilly.  
Telephone: Central 1515.  
Telegraphic Address: Bookmen, London.  
Established in 1816.

## AUTHORS, AGENTS, &c.

**RYLETT'S LONDON SECRETARIAT (SERVICES) LTD.**  
LITERARY AGENTS—TYPEWRITING BUREAU—DUPLICATING—  
RESEARCH—INDEXING—TRANSLATING.

MSS. revised and re-written for Press.

Dictation at offices and typists sent out.

DICTAPHONE installed.

Typing THESES and Technical Work a Speciality.

All work supervised by persons of University and Professional standing.

Write for our booklet:

**RYLETT'S LONDON SECRETARIAT (SERVICES) LTD.,**  
2, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2. Tel. Regent 1639.

**TYPEWRITING.**—Authors' MSS., Examination Papers,  
Letters, Circulars, Testimonials, General Copying, Duplicating,  
&c.—J. Trimmell, 8, Molra-terrace, Cardiff.

## ART EXHIBITION.

### A N EXHIBITION of

### DECORATIVE PANELS

In Coloured and Inlaid Woods

February 7th to March 6th.

Open 10 to 6 (Including Saturdays)

**HEAL & SON Limited**

Admission Free

**MANSARD GALLERY**

198 etc. Tottenham Court Rd, W

## NEW ART SALON

160, Shaftesbury Avenue (First Floor)

EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY BRACQUE, DERAIN, LHOTE,  
MARCHANT, MODIGLIANI, PICASSO, SIGNAC, VLAMINCK, etc.

Daily 10-6.

From 17th February.

## HOLBORN EMPIRE.

Matinees Daily at 2.30, commencing February 23rd with

### TROJAN WOMEN

SYBIL THORNDIKE as Hecuba

March 1st, Candida

March 8th, Medea

## AT BOURNEMOUTH HYDRO

IDEAL RESIDENCE.

RESIDENT PHYSICIAN.

Sun Lounge.

Turkish Baths

Massage.

Lift.

## MEETINGS.

### "Freedom and the Guilds."

A Lecture by

**Bertrand Russell**

in Kingsway Hall, Kingsway, London, W.C.  
on Thursday, February 26th, at 8 p.m.

Admission, 1s. 6d.

Front Seats, 3s.

Apply at the Kingsway Hall or to

THE NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE,

39 Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E.C. 4.

**FREE RELIGIOUS MOVEMENT** towards World Religion  
and World Brotherhood, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour-street,  
W. Sunday, 11 a.m. H. W. Nevins, "Ireland."

## PARTNERSHIP.

**£2,000 SLEEPING PARTNERSHIP** offered in small  
engineering firm in Midlands. Capital required for  
extensions immediately. Box 783, NATION Advertising Office,  
170, Fleet-street.

**ZANETIC** paper is made specially for pen duplicating. It  
makes faultless copies without extra pressure on the pen, leav-  
ing the original letter perfectly clean. There is only one Zanetic  
paper. Its name is stamped on every sheet. Sold by Stationers.  
Made only by PENCARBON CO., LTD., Duncan-road, Leicester.



pots take the place of flower-beds, forming circles and ovals of bright color; handsome orange-pots on pedestals are stood in the midst of flowers, adding to the height and beauty of the whole effect. The use of these pots, so valuable to Londoners or to owners of small enclosed courts, is urged by the writer:—

"Why do not English garden-lovers throw aside all scruples and venture upon one such fairy garden? (Fig 51.) In place of oranges and lemons, let there be clipped bay trees and Portugal laurels, or if topiary be out of place, then have lilacs or hydrangeas growing in the handsome pots. If such shrubs are not in favor, why not have sun-flowers or lilies, as we see them in old Renaissance gardens, growing in large marble or pottery vases? Often the retaining wall of a terrace was outlined by these, and we know that irises look well used in this way in the sunk garden near Kensington Palace. Many are the fine color effects that may be obtained, and above all is the advantage of gaining height in the garden. If only we can study this point, we shall achieve somewhat of the buoyancy and vivacity of foreign garden design."

Lest the reader should fear that these designs for the art of gardening pure and absolute show too little consideration for the more lowly human needs, we may whisper in confidence that the chapter on kitchen-gardens is one of the most delightful in the book.

#### G. K. C. ON DIVORCE

"The Superstition of Divorce." By G. K. CHESTERTON. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

MR. CHESTERTON refers to me in this book as being in real sympathy with his ideals of liberty and the family, as in fact I am. Perhaps I may be permitted in criticizing the book to indicate the exact points where we diverge.

In the first place, Mr. Chesterton invites his friends to support his contention that the State will always be tyrannical if the family is not sufficiently strong as a unit; but I maintain that the strength of marriage and the family does not depend on coercion. For instance, I do not think Mr. Chesterton would maintain that the institution of marriage has to-day been weakened by the legislation of 1884, by which a spouse who refused to return to the other was relieved from the necessity of going to prison. Mr. Chesterton refers to the analogy of conscription; but I am sure that if he were pressed on this point he would not maintain that patriotism cannot exist without conscription; and even if he did Mr. Chesterton would have to prove that adultery occurred far oftener in England and France than in countries like Italy and Spain, where adultery is a criminal offence, and I do not think that he could do it.

Secondly, Mr. Chesterton writes as if the institution of marriage had never caused any trouble before his own date, and he has certainly applied a blind eye to the historical telescope which I recommended to him in my replies to the "New Witness" articles which compose this book. He writes as if he had never heard of the extraordinary anomalies and uncertainties of medieval marriage, and quietly ignores the whole machinery for the annulment of marriage which exists in Catholic countries where there is no divorce. This is a pity, because a strong case can be made for annulment in preference to divorce. It preserves a legal and social fiction that marriage is indissoluble, and this fiction is far from useless; for it would prevent anyone who had undertaken the unlimited liability prescribed in the Anglican Service from wanting to do so again; and certainly the dignity of marriage depends entirely on its permanence.

The device of annulment has also this advantage, that it usually abolishes the necessity for artificially innocent and guilty parties. But in any case human society has never existed without either annulment or divorce.

On two other points I agree entirely with Mr. Chesterton: (1) That mutual consent may very easily originate with the pressure of one party on the other. But if the pressure is kept up obviously the other party has no choice but to acquiesce, and then the consent becomes mutual. (2) He is quite right to point out, like Mr. Stephen Reynolds, that standards of cruelty vary in different classes, and that a blow might be resented by the wife of a working man much less than a succession of really nasty remarks.

I should like, however, to mention that the book is entirely wrong on three important points on which Mr. Chesterton cannot plead ignorance, as they were fully explained to him in controversy. The first is the ordinary clerical misrepresentation that three years' absence is the same as three years' wilful and continuous living apart, and he has therefore no right to suggest that three years' absence would be of itself a reason for divorce under the Bill of 1917.

In the second place, he entirely ignores the fact that a man has to pay alimony to a divorced wife every time he marries, and there is a well-known case of an American millionaire whose income has progressively decreased by having to pay each wife a half or a third of the income that remained to him. And this circumstance may have made him more content with his third wife than his first, for I have not recently heard that he has married once more.

Thirdly, he states on page 132 that the increase in divorce is being used in the spirit of free love, and continues: "They are very seldom the sort of people who have once fallen tragically into the wrong place and have now found their way triumphantly to the right place. They are almost always people who are obviously wandering from one place to another and will probably leave their last shelter exactly as they have left their first." This wild statement is not supported by a tittle of evidence, and I can confidently appeal to the experience of all those who know when I say that it is utterly contrary to fact.

It is also odd that though he dislikes divorce facilities being extended to the poor, he does not realise that poor persons may often find themselves divorced without sufficient money to defend a petition.

Mr. Chesterton's book is, like most of his work, delightfully amusing, and incidentally contains much good sense. But it is a far better treatise on marriage than on divorce. I object to divorce in the same sense as I object to surgery. But if we are to have surgery let us have it up to date and not as it was in 1800.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

#### PERSON AND THING.

"The Practical Book of Interior Decoration." By MESSRS. EBERLEIN, McCLOURE, and HOLLOWAY. (Lippincott Company. 35s. net.)

It is always interesting to follow and to observe the workings of the specialist's mind. Whatever his subject—religion, golf, the morals of the poor, or, as in the book at present under consideration, the furnishing and decorating of a house—his almost universal characteristic is an absence of the sense of proportion. It is around his particular art or hobby that the universe is grouped, and the lay public exists for him only as material to work upon, or an audience to enlighten within the narrow limits of its capacity. The furnishing and decorating of the house in which we are to eat, sleep, and live has, beyond all doubt, a certain importance, and the authors of this book have produced a good and comprehensive review of the subject. But they leave the reader with a sense of fearful oppression; a feeling that he has come across a complete etiquette, a code of rules and manners of which he has never dreamed, by whose standard he has probably made a frightful ass of himself half-a-dozen times already. "My dear, did you see his armchair? Chippendale; in a William and Mary dining-room!"

He knows which boots to wear with which hat; he is at home with all the knives and forks; he can answer the vicar's letter; and now here he is having to begin all over again with a little thing like choosing the wall-paper. It makes life really too complicated. Better a simple, if draughty, cave.

There is surely some happy medium to be found between an absolute absence of selection and the self-consciousness of the rooms in which so many of our experts would have us live. "Period" furnishing is as bad as period dressing, and the average modern looks as uncomfortable in the one as in the other. The ideal method of furnishing is, of course, to collect one's surroundings piece by piece, like the caddis-worm, buying only when the perfectly appropriate object turns up, and guiding one's choice by love and not by



**POPE & BRADLEY**  
Sole Proprietors: H. Dennis Bradley  
Civil, Military & Naval Tailors



"Victory"

To meet the many requests, a reproduction of this picture is now published in colour, 17" by 12" at 1/-.

This trifling tirade is probably the outcome of my collar being a little tight, as the same time as myself. Arresting, however, the mental flights on material things which are no concern of Pope and Bradley, I may mention that my House follows no "convention" in the style of its productions. That is why it has achieved success.

Lounge Suits from £10 10s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £10 10s.

## STARCH AND SMUGNESS.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

I HATE Starch . . . almost as much as Smugness. Starch irritates me physically almost as much as Smugness irritates me mentally.

Why do we still submit to its arrogant interference with the joy of our nightly jazz? It is the fashion now to wear soft silk collars by day. Why not by night?

To me the starched rag is typical of a hypocritical morality. That is probably why it was so favoured by the virgin Elizabeth.

Personally, I hate the influence of Starch on the mentality. I hate its essential stupidity. I hate its attitude. I hate its religion. I even hate it as a food.

Perhaps the one good thing Armageddon brought in its train was the temporary deposition of Starch. Starch, it was declared, was unpatriotic, and not even its most fervent devotees dare appear in public with his stomach plastered, or his neck encircled with a valuable foodstuff without the risk of being accused of starving the women and children.

So the soft shirt and soft collar crept into the smuggets of dining-rooms and drawing-rooms, in which the great Victorian tradition still dragged out its smug and stuffy existence.

And the optimists among us began to say, "At last Starch is in his proper place—the kitchen." But we had yet to reckon with the allies of Starch. Those twin gods of Respectability and Convention leaped out from their Victorian Olympus and heard the cry of the dethroned monarch.

"Be of good cheer," they bellowed blandly, "we have still power amongst mortals. Wait and see." And then at last the war came to a weary end, and the great Peace struggle convulsed the world.

The time was at hand.

Peripatetic suites rallied to the aid of Starch, and involved the old Victorian gods of respectability. Smugness—coupled always with the name of Starch.

The ideal attire for the male, they cried in chorus, and must include a "stout, sensible" mackintosh, a "stout, sensible" umbrella, "stout, sensible" boots, and "stout, sensible" Starch.

That is masculine, that is virile, that is respectable.

So once anew plaster your bosoms with foodstuffs, festoon your necks with rags soaked in it, and the dear old gods will fold their arms and smile their blessing.

But the world of to-day is weary of tyranny in any shape or form, and has actually begun to question laws which were assumed as rigid, even if as meaningless, as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

The world has begun to ask, "Why?" and the tyrant god can only bluster and bray, "Because it's so respectable."

Is starch comfortable? No. Is it decorative? No. Does it amuse one? No. Has a starched linen collar any advantage which a soft silk one does not possess? No. Then why in the name of all the gods at once reiterate blindly, "Starch is so respectable."

Queen Anne was respectable, but Queen Anne is dead.

So once anew plaster your bosoms with foodstuffs, festoon your necks with rags soaked in it, and the dear old gods will fold their arms and smile their blessing.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY  
14 OLD BOND STREET, W.1  
11-15 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.

## "SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES."

It is frequently suggested that the art of true oratory has become lost, and the reason for this is that so few trouble to-day to study the art of public speaking. All that is really necessary is a definite SYSTEM that introduces method in dealing with whatever subject it is desired to speak upon.

### "SPEAKING WITHOUT NOTES."

A mental efficiency course and method for extempore speaking is such a system, as it develops the faculties of the mind to think quickly gives you the power of CONCENTRATION and ability to express yourself FLUENTLY and EFFECTIVELY without the use of notes.

One student writes: "Your lessons have opened out possibilities I had not dreamed of, not only as regards speaking without notes, but in the preparation, method, &c."

Write to-day for free descriptive booklet and read what others say about it.

Full particulars from

Rev. T. H. Stanley, M.A. (Desk N), "Wharfedale Mount," Belle Vue, ILKLEY, Yorks.

P	A
<p><b>A PEACE RISK.</b> Who is carrying your death Risk? Is it your Family? or a Life Assurance Office? <b>WHY NOT LET THE PRUDENTIAL CARRY IT?</b></p>	
C	L

**SOLDIERS with SHATTERED NERVES** are sent to  
**LONDON HOSPITAL FOR EPILEPSY, MAIDA VALE.**

The tragedy of shattered nerves is more awful than that of a maimed or even destroyed body.

No more lost fountain pens or pencils with

## TERRY'S

### "Avecta" Pen or Pencil Clip

(Patented and Regd.)

Clips edge of pocket, clasps article, so that it cannot slip out of pocket.

Pen or Pencil is easily inserted or withdrawn, and is free of attachment when used.

From Stationers, &c. Leaflet post free.

HERBERT TERRY & SONS, Ltd.

Manufacturers,

Fedditch.

Eng.



4d.  
each,  
to hold  
two  
articles  
8d.

For cleaning Silver Electro Plate &c.

**Goddard's  
Plate Powder**  
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/6 & 4/6.

PRIVATE SOCIAL TOURS.

For Ladies and Gentlemen.

MARCH 18th.—Algeria, Tunisia, The Desert, "Garden of Allah," &c.  
32 days. 98 gns.

APRIL 24th.—Spain. Madrid, Granada, Malaga, Seville, Gibraltar, Tangier, &c., &c. 32 days. 98 gns.

Arranged and conducted by

MISS BISHOP, F.R.G.S., 159, Auckland Road, London, S.E. 19.

theory. But this is clearly not always practicable, and it is here that the expert finds his opportunity.

Good furnishing, like good manners, should never be noticeable. Both should leave a general impression of ease, comfort, and naturalness. Self-consciousness is the one thing to be avoided, and too much expert advice, with its insistence on details and nuances, is usually productive of nervousness in manner and restlessness in furnishing. A room so nicely balanced in mass and harmonized in color as our authors would have it, is apt to impinge upon the lives of its occupants; one feels that to bring into it the wrong colored book, or to disturb its ordered line, would be the act of a vandal. Sooner or later the struggle begins between the room's personality and one's own, and the stronger wins. If the room comes off best it is left to its triumph. The owner goes and lives in some other, more friendly apartment, and the room becomes one of those imposing derelicts, used only for an occasional party, which so many houses contain. With a really well-furnished room, as with an old friend, one can take many liberties without giving offence.

Our experts, in this fat and excellently produced volume, give us, if anything, too much advice. The book suffers from attempting too many things at once. Its suggestions as to the furnishing and decorating of a specific house are useful and practical: its outline of historic period furnishing is good; but the two sections are unrelated. If real help is desired, the second part had better be read first. The first half leaves one with such a mass of part-knowledge of the details of antique furnishing, that it is difficult to clear the mind and concentrate on the evolution of a modern, comfortable, appropriate style. If the chapters on the theory of harmony, color, and proportion are read first, the reader comes to his task of selection with some sort of rough standard to guide his choice. The authors, too, are often unduly dogmatic about "effects." One may or may not like Chinese bird-cages; but it is surely a matter of individual opinion whether they "give cheer, and the atmosphere of home."

There is a pleasing tinge throughout the book of that sentimentality so characteristic of the American mind. Passing with a kindly tear the story on page 323 of what the "rather elderly woman in humble circumstances (I reverently lift my hat and call her lady)," said to "the occupant of the attractive apartment," one is charmed with the author's struggle on page 428 to reconcile Art and Morals in the matter of Mme. de Pompadour:—

"To be honest with ourselves, we have to admit that it was the Pompadour whose taste was certain, and that Marie Antoinette's interest in decoration was marked by caprice and indecision. The acknowledgment of these truths is in no way inconsistent with our paying her all honor for the continuance of the interest of the crown in the arts, and for her personal firmness and dignity during her last days."

Of the English of the book little that is pleasant can honestly be said. It is strange and deplorable that experts in one art should so often be unable to apply their own standard of beauty to work in another material. Translate the style of this book into terms of furniture—Baroque; Rococo; Rocaille; ill-balanced; ill-constructed; florid and over-decorated—and its authors would be the first to condemn it. But with an unfamiliar material their specialized knowledge fails them, and they do not recognize the universal appropriateness of the laws by which they order their own art.

#### THE REFLECTIVE NOVEL.

"All Roads Lead to Calvary." By JEROME K. JEROME. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

"Responsibility." By JAMES E. AGATE. (Grant Richards. 7s. net.)

"The Mask." By JOHN COUNOS. (Methuen. 6s.)

MR. JEROME's development is even more interesting psychologically than artistically. Nobody could have dreamed that the authors of "All Roads Lead to Calvary" and "Three Men in a Boat" were one and the same person. Mr. Jerome, in fact, suggests two philosophical satisfactions, whose subject-matter receives scant attention nowadays. In the first place, is the youthful idealist such a fine thing as we all sub-consciously conspire to pretend? Is he not a natural growth and therefore no more praiseworthy than a

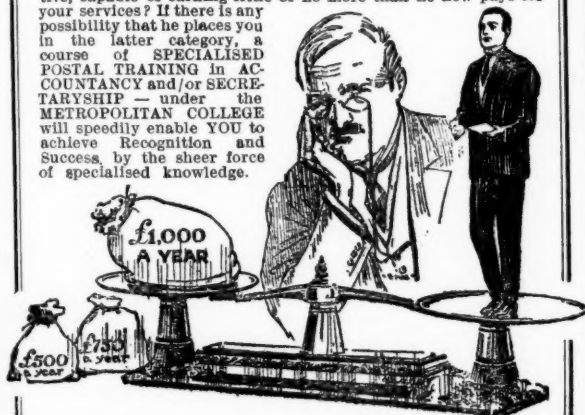
flower for its perfume? Idealism in youth, that is to say, is as natural an endowment as suppleness of limb and of tongue—it is a fairly common prerogative of healthy adolescence. How much rarer and nobler a thing is the idealism of middle age, which has resisted the wind and weather of experience, circumstance and compromise, and has grown but a tougher root in consequence, enlisting its very enemies to strengthen it; which, unlike the automatic, egoistic idealism of youth, has become conscious and is the fruit of conflict and endurance; which grows with the wearing away of the body, its dwelling! Mr. Jerome is of this aristocracy, and we know of no higher praise. In the second place, "All Roads Lead to Calvary" gives the lie to the common fallacy that "morality" has nothing to do with art. The lamp of a peculiar moral grace illumines every page of it and gives to its descriptions, exhortations, and artistic purpose a power and an individuality nothing else could. Among the scores and scores of novels we have read, for instance, dealing with the war, there is little to equal Mr. Jerome's picture for concentrated pity and terror. Yet to Mr. Jerome, there is only one word which properly fits modern war—mud. Blake had something to say about stars and mud. The plot of "All Roads Lead to Calvary"—the efforts of a sensitive girl to find herself in the London of journalism—does not in any way break new ground. It is the feeling and moral dignity of the author which fill it, like fresh-gathered roses put into any bowl.

Mr. Agate's "Responsibility" has made something of a clatter in the world of letters, and it is obviously the work of an able man. It possesses two prominent characteristics—a curious dualism of method and an even more curious mental perversity. There can hardly be another living author who has so absurdly wrong an impression of his own literary powers than Mr. Agate. What he can do extremely well is plain, go-ahead, unvarnished narrative; what he thinks he can do is to philosophize. The consequence is that what he thinks he can do and what he can do are jumbled together in such inextricable confusion that the form and structure of the book are practically ruined, less by the natural antipathy of narrative and philosophy (there is a quart of philosophy for every pint of narrative in Fielding) than by the different degrees of quality infused into them. There are yards and yards of this kind of thing in the book—"Enchantment in the impact of the 'artistes' upon the emporium's squires and dames. Enchantment in the quintessential commonness. To it, mediocrity, and pell-mell! Sentimental obscenity telling the beads of passion flagrantly factitious, you on the stage are an amusing sister to the high-born marketry zealously trumpeting her wares in the halfpenny Press"—self-conscious, mannered, undergraduatish stuff so irritating, half-baked and unreal that we begin to long to hurl the book to the other side of the room. Then, just as we are about to do so, we stumble out of all this undergrowth of jargon into a jolly, aromatic turf of admirable story-telling. Then just as we are getting into our stride, into the aphoristic brake we are plunged once more, without the least warning or need, and are treated at intolerable length to the views of the "New Bohemians" upon Socialism or the nature of the universe. They are intriguing subjects, but unhappily Mr. Agate in his ratiocinative mood would talk the juice out of a pearl. When Mr. Agate is telling us about Reuben Ackroyd, bloodsucker and Manchester business man, his wiliness and the working folk he swindles, he is very, very good; when he is delivering himself of his views about life, he is horrid. Still, no writer with such an unusual gift of narrative as Mr. Agate's will be able to help finding out where his real capacity lies, and when he does we shall have a remarkable book.

Sincere all through and often brilliant as Mr. Cournos's book is, it never quite escapes the nemesis of hybridism. It is neither a Russian nor an English novel, but a vague cosmopolitan mixture which is true neither to the Western nor the Eastern brand of fiction. There is something symbolic in the transplantation of the Jewish Gombarov family from Russia to America. In the East, they remind us of the West and in the West of the East. There is something radically antipathetic between the two artistic methods, and for a Westerner to imitate a Russian novel is as unprofitable as for a Russian to take Jane Austin for his model. This, we feel, goes a long way to spoiling an interesting, earnest, and suggestive book.

## WHAT IS YOUR MARKET VALUE?

When your employer "weighs you up" in his mind, does he regard you as a Coming Man, whom he will be glad to rapidly advance to a highly paid and responsible position, or does he look upon you as a man of limited ability and initiative, capable of earning little or no more than he now pays for your services? If there is any possibility that he places you in the latter category, a course of SPECIALISED POSTAL TRAINING in ACCOUNTANCY and/or SECRETARYSHIP — under the METROPOLITAN COLLEGE will speedily enable YOU to achieve Recognition and Success by the sheer force of specialised knowledge.



A SKILLED KNOWLEDGE OF ACCOUNTANCY AND /OR SECRETARYSHIP IS A CERTAIN LEVER TO SUCCESS IN ANY BUSINESS

Any one of the higher administrative posts — GENERAL MANAGER, UNDER-MANAGER, WORKS MANAGER, ACCOUNTANT, COMPANY SECRETARY, CASHIER, WORKS ACCOUNTANT, HEAD BOOKKEEPER, COST ACCOUNTANT, OR CHIEF CLERK — is open (in any description of business) to a METROPOLITAN COLLEGE — the 'Varsity of Secretarial and Accountancy Training.

SPECIALISED  
POSTAL TRAINING  
TAKEN AT HOME  
IN SPARE TIME

Send a postcard to-day for the "STUDENTS' GUIDE."  
METROPOLITAN COLLEGE Ltd. (Dept. 245) ST. ALBANS.

Now Ready.

## ALL INVESTORS

should read the introductory article to the February, 1920, Quarterly Supplement (price 7d, post free) of

## "THE 100 BEST INVESTMENTS"

ENTITLED  
"A SOUND INVESTMENT POLICY."

Which deals fully with the Investment outlook, and the course to be adopted by the prudent investor; lengthy reference is made to UNDER VALUED STOCKS, among which are mentioned the Ordinary Shares of BRITISH IRON AND STEEL COMPANIES, as not having participated in the general rise which has occurred during the past few months. The Quarterly Supplements contain up-to-date details of 100 specially selected securities, covering the whole available field of investment—from Government Loans to Ordinary Shares in Industrial Companies—particulars of further investments considered worthy of attention, a number of useful tables and hints of value to everyone concerned with the remunerative employment of money.

THE ANNUAL VOLUME ..... Price 1s.  
(Published in August.)

QUARTERLY SUPPLEMENTS ..... Price 7d.  
(Published February, May, and November.)

Post free on receipt of remittance to the Publishers:

The British, Foreign and Colonial  
Corporation, Ltd., Investment Bankers,  
57, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

## THE GREAT RALLY TO HELP FOREIGN MISSIONS

Friends are rallying to help the Missionary Societies to meet the still increasing cost of foreign exchange.

The income for ten months has been increased by £200,000.

The necessary increase in annual income to maintain existing work is £500,000.

This rally is a challenge to all

to help in contributing the additional £300,000 increase in income still required.

Most Missionary Societies close their financial year on March 31st.

There are only seven weeks left.

Generous contributions are asked for the undernamed Societies co-operating in this advertisement in order to avert the otherwise inevitable withdrawal from fields of splendid opportunity.

BAPTIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
19, Fumival St., London,  
E.C. 4.

MORAVIAN MISSIONS,  
32, Fetter Lane, London,  
E.C. 4.

CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
Salisbury Square, London,  
E.C. 4.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF  
ENGLAND FOREIGN MISSIONS,  
7, East India Avenue,  
E.C. 3.

FRIENDS' FOREIGN MISSION  
ASSOCIATION,  
15, Devonshire St., London,  
E.C. 2.

WESLEYAN METHODIST MIS-  
SIONARY SOCIETY,  
24, Bishopsgate, London,  
E.C. 2.

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY,  
16, New Bridge St., London,  
E.C. 4.



## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE trade returns for January are satisfactory up to a point, the expansion of domestic exports to £105 millions showing that trade recovery is continuing apace. But imports have swollen enormously, and the visible adverse balance at £52 millions for the month is considerably heavier than in November last. The Returns are for the first time in a new and fuller form. Figures for the direction of trade show as the main features huge imports from America and a large bulk of exports going to the Continent of Europe. Much of the latter is arranged on long credit, and there lies one contributory cause of the exchange trouble. The New York rate has been a little better this week, but there is nothing cheerful to be said about the movements of the franc and the lire. Mr. Chamberlain's reply to the Memorial presages delay and is disappointing. In the Money Market the demand has been keen at times, heavy collection of taxation being a factor. During the week ending February 7th £24½ millions of income-tax and £6½ millions of excess profits duty came into the Exchequer. Total revenue for the week was £44 millions, against £25·9 of expenditure. Repayments of Treasury Bills exceeded fresh sales by £3·8 millions, and Ways and Means Advances were reduced by £12 millions, the result being a welcome reduction on the week of £15·8 millions in the floating debt. The Prime Minister, in the Debate on the Address, practically promised a balancing budget. But how far are the proceeds of sales of war assets to be employed as revenue and how far to the reduction of debt? The omission of any reference to public and private economy in the King's speech does not commend itself to financial circles, and Mr. George's promises are judged by past performance. The Stock Exchange has been comparatively featureless with the exception of the Kaffir market, to which speculators recently transferred their attention as the oil bubble quietened down. A fair demand for Argentine Railway stocks continued on the good traffic figures, which I discussed last week, and shipping shares have been well supported at times. The rubber market is still quietly waiting to catch the public eye.

## BRITISH AND COLONIAL ISSUES.

To-day is the last day on which holders of 6 per cent. Exchequer Bonds, due February 16th, of 3 per cent. Exchequer Bonds, due March 24th, or of 5 per cent. Exchequer Bonds, due December 1st next, may convert their holdings into the new 5½ per cent. Exchequer Bonds on the terms whose attraction I have previously pointed out. Any holder of any of the above-named securities, who through inadvertence—which would be excusable in view of the meagre efforts of the Government to force the new issue into public notice—or preoccupation with other matters has so far failed to convert, should make a point of doing so this morning immediately after breakfast. Though to-day is the last day for conversions new subscriptions may be made until February 28th. Investors should give careful consideration to the question whether they should not subscribe as largely as their purse permits in cash to the new issue. Every subscription will help towards reducing the floating debt and curbing the economic evils arising from it. One may reasonably say that every cash subscription to the 5½ per cent. Exchequer Bonds will tend towards checking the rise in prices and eventually towards the correction of the exchanges. Moreover, no sacrifice is asked of the subscriber, for 5½ per cent. on the security of the British Empire, with rigorous safeguards against capital depreciation, is a proposition not to be lightly laid aside. This fact should not be lost sight of in considering the offer by the Government of New South Wales of £2,000,000 5½ per cent. debentures at the price of £98½ per cent. This is a sound trustee stock, but it is a pity that it was put on the market during the currency of the British Exchequer Bond issue.

## HOME RAILWAYS.

Home Railway shareholders, on the whole, have reason to be pleased both with the dividend announcements recently made and with such reports as have at present been published. Seven increases in dividends for the past year are shown in the table which I give below, and where preliminary figures are available it appears that the increased rates have been fully justified, and often accompanied by increased allocations to reserve. The market, which had been in despondency for a considerable time, became quite active and confident on the strength of the announcements; the most striking of which was that relating to Chatham second preference stock, to which I referred last week. The following table shows dividends on leading home railways for years 1918 and 1919, also present prices and yield and prices a year ago—:

Name of Line.	Dividends		Prices.				Yield.
	1918.	1919.	for whole year.	Price Feb. 7, 1919.	Price Feb. 11, 1920.	Pre-1919.	
	%	%	%				£ s. d.
Caledonian Ord. ....	3½	3½	54½	47	7 19 6		
" Def. ....	2½	2½	12½	10½	7 2 9		
Glasgow & South Western Def. Ord. ....	2½	2½	31½	29	7 15 3		
Great Central 5% 1894 Pref. ....	3	3	43½	41½	7 4 6		
Great Eastern ....	2½	2½	38	34xd	8 1 9		
Great North of Scotland ....	1½	1½	18	17	8 16 6		
Great Northern Def. ....	2½	2½	42½	35½	7 15 0		
Great Western ....	7½	7½	88½	89	8 3 0		
Highland ....	2½	2½	35½	30½	7 7 6		
Hull & Barnsley ....	4½	4½	55	55	8 3 9		
Lancashire & Yorkshire ....	4½	4½	69½	66	6 16 3		
London Brighton Ord. ....	5½	5½	77	66	7 19 0		
" Def. ....	4½	4½	65	37	7 17 9		
London & South Western Ord. ....	5½	5½	87½	78½	7 12 9		
" Def. ....	1½	1½	30½	26½	7 11 0		
London & N. Western ....	7	7½	90½	93	8 1 3		
London Chatham 4½% 2nd Pref. ....	1½	1½	4	35	41	9 15 3	
South Eastern Def. ....	2	2½	36½	34½	7 4 0		
Midland Def. ....	4½	4½	61½	56½	8 8 3		
North British Def. ....	1½	1½	18½	16	7 16 6		
North Eastern "Consols" ....	7	7½	100	95½	7 17 0		
Underground Income Bonds, red. 1948 5% ....	4	4	96½	78	5 12 0		
Central London Def. ....	2	2	35½	39½	7 12 0		
London Electric (£10) ....	4	4	34	29	5 19 0		
Metropolitan District 5% 2nd Pref. ....	5	4	—	—	—		

\* Paid free of income tax.

The experience of the underground companies, whose figures are for convenience included above, has been unfortunate. The range of yields shown on some of the heavy stocks, such as Midland Deferred and London & North-Western Ordinary, cannot be considered unattractive even when the fullest allowance is made for the terrors of the nationalization threat.

## IMPERIAL TOBACCO.

The report of the Imperial Tobacco Company shows a rise of over £800,000 in trading profits for 1919 to the huge figure of £4,665,109. This follows on a recovery of nearly £300,000 a year ago, after a decline in 1917. In 1913 the trading profit was £3,354,476. The issued ordinary capital was during the year increased from just under £8,360,000 to nearly £16,662,000. After increasing the allowance for pensions to £200,000, against £100,000 a year ago, and placing £1,000,000 to reserve, £3,749,145 is left available for distribution. The three classes of preference shares receive the same rate of dividend. The ordinary dividend is 15 per cent. against 16½ per cent. a year ago, but being paid on the larger capital absorbs £730,000 more than in 1918. The feature of the balance-sheet is a very large increase in stocks, which now stand at the enormous figure of £21,484,000. The balance-sheet is strong in spite of the unchanged entry of over £9 millions for goodwill, though it is curious that this item has not been written down in recent years of great profits. Such figures as those presented in this Company's report are not calculated to convince the humble smoker of the immediate necessity for raising the price of tobacco. Nevertheless, in view of the probability of this price advance the smoking investor might well consider the immediate purchase of the ordinary shares of this Company, which would probably rise smartly on the raising of tobacco prices.

L. J. R.

## The Ideal Antiseptic Shaving Soap

Protects the skin from every form of "rash" and gives a persistent, creamy, but not slimy, lather.

## WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SHAVING SOAP

Has all the hygienic properties of Wright's Coal Tar Soap as well as its clean, wholesome smell.



If any difficulty in obtaining write to  
WRIGHT, LAYMAN  
& UMNKY, LTD.,  
SOUTHWARK,  
LONDON, S.E. 1.

Stick or  
Tablet  
1/3



## For a Snatch Meal

ROWNTREE'S Cocoa is such a satisfying beverage. Busy people who are apt to neglect their food and leave themselves with no "set meal" handy, will often find Rowntree's Cocoa give them just the strength and nourishment they need.

**Rowntree's**  
**ELECT Cocoa**

## EDUCATIONAL.

### THE BERGMAN OSTERBERG PHYSICAL TRAINING COLLEGE, DARTFORD HEATH, KENT.

#### Trustees:

Sir George Newman, K.C.B., D.C.L.  
The Marchioness of Salisbury.  
The Viscount Astor.  
The Rt. Hon. Christopher Addison, M.D., M.P.  
The Rt. Hon. Lord Shaw of Dunfermline, LL.D.

#### Principal:

Miss Hilda Walton (Oxf., Fin. Hon. Sch. Eng. Lang and Lit.).

#### Vice-Principal:

Miss Alma Wikner (Royal Cent. Inst. of Gymnastics, Stockholm).

The College Course is designed to train Students as Teachers of Gymnastics and Games, and to fit them, eventually, to become Organisers of Physical Training under Local Authorities.

### MALTMAN'S GREEN, GERRARD'S CROSS

Head Mistress—Miss CHAMBERS, Girton College, Cambridge  
(Late Head Mistress of the Huddersfield High School).

The aim of the School is to develop the character, intellect, and healthy growth of the child for the good of the community; to encourage self-expression by means of Literature, Acting, Music, Dancing, and Handicraft of every description: to increase resource and initiative by practical work such as cooking, gardening, and poultry-keeping. The girls will be prepared for the Universities, the Medical Profession, and for advanced work in Music or Art.

Fees, inclusive of Eurythmics, Elocution, Dancing, Cookery, and all such subjects as should be part of every girl's education, 180 guineas a year.

Gerrard's Cross is 300 feet above sea-level, on gravel soil. The house is delightfully situated in its own grounds of 15 acres.

SCHOOL FOR GIRLS from 10 to 18 years of age. (P.N.E.U.) Physical Culture, Riding, Driving, Gardening, Dairy Work, Poultry Farming, Handicrafts, and Domestic Science, in addition to usual subjects and languages. Prospectus from Mrs. Shelley, West House, Walsham-le-Willows, Suffolk.

AN ATTEMPT TO EDUCATE GIRLS FOR FREEDOM is being made at Luckley, Wokingham, Berks, by Bertha Drake and Irene Barratt.—Full particulars on application to the Principals.

THE ARS VIVENDI SYSTEM introduces into human evolution a new principle—discovery of the respiratory use of the Cranial Sinuses. It is Nature's secret of vitality, and key to open-air Education, Health, Prevention of Consumption. Breathing becomes copious and easy, the voice full, and the walk buoyant. Nasal congestion specially treated without need for operations. Delicate children improve quickly.

Mr. ARTHUR LOVELL, 94, Park Street, London, W. 1.

## KING'S HEAD Tobacco

A fine ripe, richly-flavoured blend—cool and pleasant to smoke.

It is manufactured by the same process as

## THREE NUNS

—a milder blend

Both are sold everywhere at 11d per oz.

Tins: 2-oz. 1/11—4-oz. 3/10

### "THREE NUNS" CIGARETTES

	10's	20's	50's	100's
MEDIUM	5½d	11d	2/2½	4/3
HAND MADE	7d	1/2	2/11	5/10

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited,  
36 St. Andrew Square, Glasgow



## SOUTH METROPOLITAN GAS COMPANY.

DR. CARPENTER ON DEFECTS OF THE SLIDING SCALE.

PROVISIONS OF THE COMPANY'S BILL.

### THE INCREASED COST OF LABOR.

THE ORDINARY HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING of the proprietors of the South Metropolitan Gas Company was held on the 11th inst. at the Cannon Street Hotel, Dr. Charles Carpenter, Chairman of the company, presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. F. McLeod) read the notice convening the meeting, and after the transaction of other formal business,

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said:—Ladies and gentlemen,—I assume that, following your usual practice, you will take as read the report and accounts which have been printed and circulated among you, and I have now to move their adoption. You will observe that we have earned somewhat more than sufficient to make both ends meet, but the surplus is a small one compared with the magnitude of the figures involved. It must not be forgotten when considering the result of the half-year's working that this surplus is merely due to the fact that provision is only allowed by the Statutory Undertakings (Increase of Charges) Act, 1918, for payment of a dividend of little over one-half of the pre-war rate. If we were allowed to pay our pre-war dividend, modest though it was, and inadequate as it would be to-day, we should have been faced with a substantial deficit. And this would have arisen in conjunction with what must otherwise have been described as a flourishing business, the sales and turnover of which are both extending. While the war was in progress we were of opinion that little could be expected in the way of alleviating this paradoxical state of things. But now that hostilities have ceased it is but the barest justice that it should be remedied. (Hear, hear.) I will deal fully with our proposals in this respect when I explain at the following Wharfedale meeting the provisions of our new Bill. Now, I need only say that our shareholders are suffering from a great hardship, which it is the clear business of the State to allow us to remove.

### LABOR BILL INCREASED BY £1,000,000.

The next paragraph of the report crystallizes in a few words one of the great difficulties under which we are carrying on our business. Our labor bill has increased by one million pounds per annum, and by that I do not mean that increased labor costs are indicated by that figure alone. It represents what we are paying directly to our employees by way of addition. If we were to include the increased labor charges paid indirectly in the higher costs of raw and finished materials, the figure would be very much greater—probably between a half and three-quarters of a million pounds. Now such figures as these must necessitate a very close scrutiny of our methods of working in order to test their efficiency by present-day costs. We start with a heavy handicap, by reason of the fact that in pre-war days we had no occasion to go in extensively for labor-saving devices. We were on good terms with our employees and had no need of such a stimulus.

### EMPLOYEES' SHARE IN THE MANAGEMENT.

The report completes its story of the half-year's operations of the company by a reference to the Bill now being promoted by the company, and the proposed modification of the scheme by which a share in the management is given to the employees.

I will now only deal with the last-mentioned matter, reserving my remarks in connection with the Bill for their proper place—namely, for the extraordinary meeting. The principle has been an unqualified success. The details of the scheme have shown defects which we have sought to correct, and to which, in their revised form, I shall ask you presently to give your sanction. The variations are very simple and do not affect the principles one iota. Under the existing scheme each of the three largest stations of the company is entitled to select one candidate, and the smaller stations of the company are grouped together for the purpose of selecting another. There is also a proviso that not more than one candidate can be put forward from any station. The new proposals sweep away these artificial regulations, which were considered important when the scheme was devised, and throw open the selection of all candidates by the voters, irrespective of the stations at which they are employed, while all the candidates may possibly be drawn from anyone of them. The method of election, which I may remind you is by ballot, and the votes proportional to share interest, is also appropriately modified, and the remuneration of each employee director is raised to a basic figure of £2 5s. per attendance, which is more in accord with present-day values.

I have been asked whether the employees desire or appreciate representation of the kind to which I have been referring. I can emphatically say that they do.

The Deputy-Chairman (Mr. Frank H. Jones) seconded the motion, and said he would like to associate himself with the

Chairman's remarks as to the great advantage to the company of the employees' directors.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

### THE DIVIDENDS.

The Chairman next proposed:—"That dividends as follows for the half-year ended December 31st last be now declared—viz.:—On the Five per Cent. Redeemable Preference stock at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum. On the Ordinary stock at the rate of £3 per cent. per annum, and that the warrants be transmitted to the registered addresses of the proprietors by post.

Mr. A. M. Paddon having seconded the resolution, it was unanimously passed.

On the motion of the Chairman, seconded by Mr. H. T. Manley, the following resolution was unanimously carried:—"That the proposals passed by the board of directors at its meeting on the 4th inst. for varying the scheme for the election of employees' directors adopted by the shareholders on August 14th, 1907, be approved and adopted, subject to such alterations as the Board of Trade may suggest and the directors agree to."

The retiring directors (Mr. Kenneth P. Hawksley and Mr. Frank H. Jones) were re-elected; and the retiring auditor (Mr. Charles P. Crookenden F.C.A.) was reappointed.

### THE COMPANY'S BILL.

An Extraordinary General Meeting was afterwards held for the purpose of considering the provisions of the Bill now before Parliament, intitled "A Bill to enable the South Metropolitan Gas Company to sell gas on a heat unit basis, to make new provision as to charges for the gas and application of the profits of the company, to extend the powers of the company to amalgamate with or purchase other undertakings, and for other purposes."

The Secretary read the notice convening the meeting.

The Chairman then said:—I must preface my explanation of the Bill we have deposited by a few general observations. Our charter of working is, like that of most other similar undertakings, based upon what is known as the sliding scale, advocated by my predecessor in 1875, and adopted by the company in the following year. The object of its promoters was to provide a stimulus which at that time did not exist whereby gas companies would be encouraged to carry out their operations by the same kind of good management as was customary with ordinary commercial undertakings, while at the same time they would be fined for bad management by having their dividend reduced.

### BREAKDOWN OF THE SLIDING SCALE REGULATIONS.

Matters went on until the stress of war broke down the sliding scale regulations, as you know only too well. But I am bound to say that for two or three years before that I strongly felt that justice was not being done to the shareholders in return for the skill and enterprise animating the conduct of their business. I think the meagreness of the relief afforded by the Statutory Undertakings (Temporary Increase of Charges) Act, 1918, justified my apprehensions. I imagine no one, or at least no fair-minded person, will suggest that in that reconstruction which is going on the claims of those who have furnished the money to build up and extend the business of gas supply should be disregarded. (Hear, hear.)

Though the shareholders' dividend, despite rising prices and taxation, has fallen to 2½ per cent. per annum on the capital moneys invested, the co-partnership bonus of the employees has vanished altogether. Labor has had its standard wages, rising from time to time, as conditions of living changed. Capital has not only not received a standard wage, but its remuneration is considerably below it. Now, our co-partnership principles are not statutory except in relation to the election of the employees' directors to the board. Our new proposals will make them so.

### PRINCIPLES ON WHICH INDUSTRY SHOULD BE BASED.

Secondly, the object of the sliding scale was to reduce our dividend in the event of bad management. No one can accuse us of that, for I do not think there is a consumer in South London who would deny that we have managed the business in his best interests. But all the same the sliding scale has fined us by a large reduction of dividend, as though we were guilty of bad management. Moreover, it would not offer the inducement of a reward commensurate with the changed conditions now obtaining in the country. We want to correct this defect also, for the future position of our industry and of our raw material is a far more uncertain one than in the monopoly days for which the sliding scale was created, and new investors will certainly not be encouraged if the spirit of fairness is absent in adjusting the hardships of the old ones. The Chairman then proceeded to explain in detail the clauses of the Bill, and, in the course of his statement said that after provision was made in any accounting period for the payment of the authorized dividend and other outgoings, any surplus profit would be at the disposal of the directors for reduction of the price of gas to the extent of three-fourths, and the remaining one-fourth for equal dividend between the stockholders by an increased dividend, and the employees by a co-partnership bonus. He concluded by moving that the Bill be approved.

The Deputy-Chairman seconded the resolution, and after some discussion it was unanimously carried.

The proceedings then terminated.



iv

ws  
.:  
he  
he  
as-

ras

T.

ita  
on  
ust  
ona  
o.  
fr.  
fr.

for  
ore  
tan  
ro-  
of  
ga-  
her

a of  
Our  
ler-  
lvo-  
y in  
le a  
nies  
ame  
ary  
l be

the  
am  
ngly  
urn  
heir  
the  
Act,  
east  
tion  
the  
ould

and  
pital  
has  
sing  
has  
on is  
are  
rees'  
a so.

our  
cuse  
outh  
ss in  
fined  
ty of  
ment  
ob-  
, for  
al is  
which  
ainly  
sting  
eded  
se of  
ount-  
other  
f the  
three-  
dend  
l the  
oving

after